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VOLUME LXXX, NO. 12 JUNE 12, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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THE COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

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Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Overflights

IT IS likely that Khrushchev senses he can make some hay, with very little risk, on the issue of U-2 flights over Cuba. In his talk with former Senator William Benton, he managed to suggest that the overflights are not only illegal, but unnecessary as well because of the development of spy satellites. The official U.S. position is that photos from spy satellites would not be adequate to guard against the installation of offensive weapons in Cuba. In defense of the overflights' legality, the U.S. government has had nothing to say—wisely, since there is nothing that *can* be said. The exigencies of power politics may justify the overflights, but by any existing notion of world law, violation of a nation's air space is a clear act of aggression. Thus one more ambiguity is added to the U.S. policy on Cuba: in the wake of the Bay of Pigs landing, an American promise was given that the U.S. would not knowingly let its soil be used as the starting place for an aggressive act against Cuba; yet, in fact, this is exactly what happens every time a U-2 plane takes off to overfly the island.

The usual argument here is that of course the rights of small nations are important to the United States, but that in this case there may be no United States left to be concerned about these rights if we don't adequately patrol our own back yard. Even liberal commentators who are most concerned about rights and methods are willing to look the other way on this issue. Writing in the *New Republic*, columnist T.R.B. says, "Are overflights legal? No, we suppose not. At the risk of offending some of our readers, this particular column hopes we continue to make them."

The justification then, is either straight *realpolitik*—it is all right to do to small weak enemies what we aren't strong enough to do to large, powerful ones—or else some version of the Monroe Doctrine: it is all right to do in the North and South Americas what would be unjustifiable elsewhere, since the Americas are our special sphere of influence. The latter argument, popular with the Luce press, can be as disastrous as the former. Tacit acceptance of spheres of influence can only bring groans from small nations on Russia's border. It would, for instance, seal the fate of Finland, whose independence is already deeply compromised by the facts of geography.

MUCH IS at stake by way of implication and precedent. We may argue that the overflights do no physical harm to Cubans or Cuban soil, but the unchallenged consensus that the flights cannot be justified legally will certainly affect our ability to talk convincingly of the rights of sovereignty in the future.

What is particularly disturbing is the way the public discussion of the overflights has proceeded. The matter at hand—a continuing violation of sovereignty, plus the threat of major retaliation if Cuba acts in defense of that sovereignty—is serious enough to justify a full public review. Yet the facts supporting the alleged necessity of the flights are still being withheld. Is it true, as Khrushchev says, that spy satellites, which fly above the accepted limits of national air space, are sufficient to detect missile installations? U-2 photos taken from miles above the earth are clear enough to distinguish a golf ball on a putting green. Presumably satellite photos could distinguish a missile site. Yet the U.S. government will not even say if its spy satellites are operational. It is fair enough to wonder whether the "necessity" argument is being used to mask a gratuitous political act aimed at keeping pressure on Castro.

The American public has, in fact, been confronted by a *fait accompli*. The overflights may be militarily necessary, but we have only the government's unsupported word for that. The matter is serious enough, and the policy dangerous enough, to warrant some assurance that alternate policies would not be just as effective in detecting missile installa-

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tions. It has never been explained why oblique photography from U-2s flying alongside Cuba, but outside her air space, would not suffice. Cuba would seem an ideal target for such photography—no spot on the island is more than 40 miles from the coast. Then, again, there are the spy satellites. Though the U.S. program is still shrouded in maximum security, the belief is that several Samos satellites have been equipped with high-powered cameras and have sent back detailed photographs.

If the overflights are unnecessary, or if they are feeding back merely supplemental information, the public should be told. They are dangerous, provocative acts, and we have a right to know exactly why they are being made.

CURE

ONE OF the common images of Los Angeles is that of a city in which the sun always shines. For many Catholics in that city, however, the question is whether the sun will ever shine. For years now, the Archdiocese of Los Angeles has served as a sad example of the extent to which it is possible to ignore the contemporary developments in the Church and to play ostrich when faced with a moral problem.

At the moment, for instance, there is afoot in California a movement to nullify California's Fair Housing legislation by an amendment to the state constitution. In the face of such a dangerous movement, which has some chance of success, one might expect some opposition from the Archdiocesan establishment. After all, The Rumford Act, which is the particular target of the amendment movement, represents one of the more enlightened pieces of state legislation helping to safeguard minority rights. Cardinal McIntyre, however, has refused to speak out on the matter on the grounds that it is a social and political question and not a moral one. The result of this stand is that those who oppose the amendment receive no support at all.

Fortunately, there are a number of Catholics in Los Angeles who know a moral issue when they see one. Though small in number, an organization called "Catholics United for Racial Equality" (CURE) has made some notable attempts to prod the Cardinal and the Archdiocese into taking a position of leadership and moral witness. Lacking any other effective means of publicizing their commitment to racial justice, they have twice in recent months picketed the Chancery office and the Cardinal's residence. The first demonstration was held on Holy Thursday and the second on Pentecost Sunday. In both instances their aim was to show a Catholic dedication to racial equality, to urge Cardinal McIntyre to bring Catholic social and moral teaching effectively to bear in Los Angeles, and to urge him to support California's Fair Housing legislation. Further demonstrations are planned in the future, demonstrations which will be organized around liturgical feasts which have special significance for racial equality and social justice.

In the eyes of many, it is no doubt a scandal that a lay Catholic organization should picket a chancery office and the residence of a Cardinal. Is not such conduct disrespectful? We see neither scandal nor disrespect in these demonstrations. On the contrary, they bespeak a sense of urgency generally absent from the Los Angeles Archdiocesan scene. They bespeak as well a dedication to Catholic values which ought to encourage those who wonder whether any Catholics in Los Angeles are as fully dedicated to racial equality as the principles of the Church would lead one to expect. There is a scandal in Los Angeles, but it lies in the lack of moral leadership which CURE protests. Their action helps to alleviate it.

Nehru's India

UNDER MR. NEHRU many things contributed to the lack of mutual understanding with the United States. He was never quite able to overcome the feeling implanted in childhood that America was materialistic and culturally second-rate. The late Prime Minister was a staunch anti-colonialist convinced that non-alignment in the cold war was the only feasible policy for a newly independent India overwhelmed by its own desperate internal problems. Dependent as he was on substantial American aid, Nehru had great difficulty publicly manifesting gratitude for it. And until the Chinese attack of 1962 he allowed leftist elements in his Congress Party great influence; in international matters he most often supported the policies of the Soviets.

In India itself Nehru's prestige was prodigious. An agnostic, a pragmatist and sympathizer with socialism, he was literally reverenced by the bulk of India's conservative, religious masses. He had been Gandhi's "secular arm," and he was the last of the great founders of his nation's independence, for which he had undergone thirteen years imprisonment. He sought to abolish the disabilities of the untouchables and to heal the bitterness between Hindu and Moslem. He strove to establish a British-type political democracy with a mixed economy, a democracy that now has to meet its greatest test. At this hour of national crisis Mr. Nehru's unwillingness to delegate authority, or to groom a successor, stands out as a major failing.

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What will India be without him? The most pessimistic are predicting the break-up of the governing Congress Party and even of India itself. In any case, India can hardly be as strong now in resisting Chinese pressure, as a democratic counterweight in Southeast Asia and the Afro-Asian world or in the U.N., to which Nehru contributed so much. Nor can the passing of the leadership of the "nonaligned" to Tito and Nasser be counted as a gain for the free world. With Indo-China crumbling, America needs to contend realistically today with the heightened vulnerability brought on by Nehru's almost universally lamented death.

Diplomatic Games

WERE THERE not so many serious issues at stake, the seemingly permanent tension between the United Arab Republic and Israel might well be marketed by an enterprising games manufacturer under the title of "Diplomatic Ploys." As the game is now played in reality, it seems impossible to imagine what counts as a diplomatic victory or a diplomatic defeat for those world powers concerned with the Middle East.

The United States, for instance, lost a golden opportunity when it refused to help finance the Aswan dam. Yet the Soviet Union, which shrewdly and dramatically stepped in as the gallant savior, has by no means reaped great rewards for its initiative. Premier Khrushchev's recent visit to the U.A.R. was marked by an emphasis on Arab unity which Khrushchev took to be a slight to the Soviet Union's largesse. In a like vein, the United States recently used its prestige to help push through a loan of $40 million for the U.A.R. from the International Monetary Fund. But this act was upstaged by the Soviet Union's announcement of a $277 million loan to the U.A.R., and came moreover almost on the eve of a visit to the U.S. by Israeli Premier Levi Eshkol, a visit which has caused some degree of alarm in the Arab nations.

As confusing as this train of events may appear, the critical question is: What does the United States seek in the Middle East? To date, American policy has attempted to maintain peace in the area. Since there has in fact been no major armed conflict between Israel and the U.A.R. since the Suez crisis, that policy may be adjudged a success (even if the U.S. has not been wholly responsible for it). In this light, diplomatic defeats and stand-off engagements are of comparatively little consequence. What counts is the ultimate result. In one sense, of course, that result is not yet in; but that it is not is, in itself, a triumph of no small proportions.

"The Middle Way"

THE QUADRENNIAL General Conference of The Methodist Church—the 858-man assembly which is the church's supreme law and policy-making body—has convened in Pittsburgh to review the denomination's world-wide missionary, educational and philanthropic effort and to approve the church's plans and discipline for the next four years. The Conference restructured the church's board of missions; voted a record $80-million quadrennial budget; established a Commission for Ecumenical Affairs to "proclaim and work for the unity of the church"; adopted a new hymnal and Book of Worship; reaffirmed support of birth control; lowered the maximum retirement age for bishops from 74 to 72; upped bishops' salaries to $17,500 a year; and outlined a four-year program of witness to mark American Methodism's 200th anniversary.

For the first time in history a Methodist General Conference invited a Roman Catholic bishop (John J. Wright of Pittsburgh) to address it. The Conference also pondered the "pathway to new life in Christian unity." However, on the specific proposal to unite its 10.2-million denomination and the 758,000-member Evangelical United Brethren Church, the Conference confessed "desire" but postponed a merger vote for two years. The Conference admonished the House Un-American Activities Committee to "conduct its activities in such manner as to protect the rights of individuals." It opposed compulsory peacetime military training, asked the U.S. to re-examine its Red China and Cuba policies, and declined to renew its 1960 endorsement of POAU. But on thorny current issues directly within the province of religion—such as public school prayers, federal aid to parochial schools and tax exemptions for church property—the Conference deferred until 1968 any official stand.

One official commented that the Conference was so enmeshed with the race issue that it was impossible to devote to other important matters the energies of mind and will which these required for totally satisfactory resolution. At issue here was the elimination of the Central Jurisdiction, the non-geographic grouping within Methodism which embraces 373,000, or 90 percent, of the church's Negro members, and provision for absorption of this jurisdiction into the church's five geographic jurisdictions. Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles, in the Episcopal Address intended as "the united word" of the Council of Bishops, scored the "compromises" which perpetuated this Central Jurisdiction and he urged the

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General Conference to "insist upon the removal from its structure of any mark of racial segregation . . . without wasting time." But presented to the delegates by the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations headed by Charles C. Parlin, New York lawyer and one of six presidents of the World Council of Churches, was a time-table plan of elimination and desegregation that struck many as "foot-dragging."

The ironic thing is that had the Parlin plan been introduced as recently as the 1960 quadrennial conference, it would have been progressive almost beyond liberal criticism; in 1964, however, the plan seemed to the liberal element a bad and embarrassing compromise. It was vigorously fought from the floor and protested by "kneel-ins," all-night prayer vigils, picketing, and the formation of symbolic racial walls of Whites and Negroes along the approaches to the Conference site.

The Parlin plan carried overwhelmingly. When the vote was taken after nine hours of debate, hardly more than thirty hands (principally those of Southern reactionaries) were raised in opposition. But satisfaction was not near so general as the show of hands would appear to indicate. The outcome of the Central Jurisdiction debate was a disappointment to the status quo forces and to the liberals as well. On the other hand, the decision for gradualism was welcomed by moderates, the majority within Methodism, since it permits time in which to work out difficult jurisdictional problems in areas such as ministerial requirements, assignments, salaries and pensions, and, more to the point, since it protects against fractionalization of the church as an institution. As it is, the Methodist Church is faced with the withdrawal of thirty or more individual churches over the matter of integration. Precipitous action could have caused an instant confrontation and possibly swelled the number of rebellious congregations.

For the first time, at the conference, a Negro was elected president-designate of the 82-member Council of Bishops. The Conference subscribed itself in behalf of fair employment practices, open occupancy and non-segregated public services. It directed Methodist churches to embrace all persons regardless of race (but refused to impose penalties on clergymen who obstruct the policy). It endorsed orderly civil rights demonstrations, and in spirit approved civil disobedience in instances "where legal recourse is unavailable or inadequate for redress of grievances from laws or their application that, on their face, are unjust or immoral." It also established a fund to aid ministers and laymen who suffer economic hardship because of their witness to racial equality.

The 1964 General Conference of the Methodist Church left some delegates disappointed, but most departed from Pittsburgh gratified by the proceedings. Actually what transpired was traditionally Methodist. The press officer of one Methodist bishop declared privately: "The Methodist Church is pretty much a middle of the road church. It's like a faithful old workhorse that sticks to the lane and refuses to be diverted."

JOHN G. DEEDY, JR.

(Mr. Deedy is editor of the PITTSBURGH CATHOLIC.*)*

WASHINGTON REPORT

Comeback for Inflation?

FOR SEVERAL years now, the United States has enjoyed stable prices and made real gains in profits and wages. The "creeping inflation" that was a standard feature of our national life and our economic rhetoric during the period from 1950 to 1958 and that once seemed almost as incurable as the Dutch elm disease has disappeared. But will the blight return?

This summer will reveal part of the answer by the nature of the wage-price settlement in the automobile industry. This is true because of the three typical kinds of inflationary pressure, the only one likely to have a disturbing effect this year is the upward push of labor costs. We do not have too much money chasing too few goods as we do in wartime inflation; on the contrary, we have unemployed workers and unused industrial capacity. Neither are we likely to have an inflation brought about by major companies who are so powerful that they can administer prices in their industries independent of market pressures.

The big companies are as powerful as ever, but economic studies reveal that historically such firms try to jack up prices when the business situation is deteriorating and profits are falling. Corporate profits have been steadily rising for several years, and so has the rate of return on investment. If big business conforms to the historical pattern of recent decades, it will not push up prices in the near future.

This leaves only the labor unions likely to play the role of villain. If they achieve wage increases that substantially exceed what they have earned through higher productivity, they may force an increase in prices. It will not matter that union economists will be able to demonstrate statistically that the companies could afford the higher wages out of current profits.

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Businessmen rarely absorb higher labor costs. If they possibly can, they pass them on to the public in the form of higher prices. It will not matter that *their* economists may point out to them—in private—that these higher prices will return to haunt them in three or four years in the form of higher costs of parts and materials and higher wage demands. Businessmen are preoccupied with maintaining profits levels and earnings ratios in the current year; the longer future can take care of itself. Moreover, despite their speeches to the contrary, many businessmen secretly believe that a little inflation is like a little whiskey: stimulating and not really harmful.

It is against this background that the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations have tried to impose public responsibility upon business and labor by setting forth wage and price guideposts. Both Presidents Truman and Eisenhower engaged in occasional personal appeals to discourage wage and price increases, but these exhortations were generally ineffective. Kennedy went a step further in 1962 when he endorsed the recommendation of his Council of Economic Advisers that wage increases be confined within the average annual gain in productivity for the entire economy.

Over the past five years, this gain in productivity has been about 3.2 per cent a year. As a hypothetical example, this means that an automobile worker earning $150 a week ought not to seek a wage increase for the coming year of more than $5 a week. The Council recognized that there could be exceptions to this productivity criterion as in an industry in which wages in recent years had lagged behind the general level, and this lag could now be overcome. These recommendations were to be guideposts, not strict rules.

Assuming that a wage increase reflected no more than what the workers had earned through increased productivity, businessmen could no longer use the old dodge of raising prices and putting the blame on the labor. Or if they did, the public and the press would have some basis other than their own prejudices by which to judge the behavior of labor and management.

Neither unions nor businessmen like this idea of government actively asserting the public interest. Much as they may denounce one another, they still do not want the government monitoring and implicitly judging their performance. There are sound reasons for believing that Roger Blough and the other steel manufacturers provoked the crisis of April, 1962, in an effort to smash the guideposts before they could become an established principle.

Since the Kennedy Administration had pressured the Steelworkers Union into accepting a modest wage increase, the manufacturers had every reason to be grateful. Since marketing conditions in the industry at the time were too "soft" to justify a general price increase, the actions of Blough and his colleagues in defying the President and raising prices sharply did not make sense in normal economic terms. It did make sense in political terms as a move to expel government influence from a field that management regarded as exclusively its own.

The speed and firmness of President Kennedy's reaction beat the steel men down temporarily and may have taken them by surprise, but they did not abandon their objective. They have never endorsed the concept of the guideposts. A year after their first rebuff, they raised prices to the identical extent but in a more suave and piecemeal fashion.

THE UNIONS are equally rebellious and distrustful, but have been slower to act. Although President George Meany had periodically grumbled against the idea of government-induced restraint on bargaining, it was not until this past May 19 that the AFL-CIO Executive Council went formally on record against Administration policy.

"Neither wage nor price restraints are tolerable in a free society except in the gravest national emergency," the AFL-CIO statement declared.

Taken at its face value, this means that Holland and Sweden, two countries where wages are carefully planned with government participation, are not "free societies."

The determination to influence wage-price decisions by means of the guideposts remains, however, as official government policy. President Kennedy reaffirmed it in 1963 and so did Mr. Johnson in his first Economic Report to Congress in January.

The question is, therefore, what the government can or will do to coerce labor or business if it breaks through the wage-price guideposts. The Kennedy Administration sidestepped this issue after the 1962 steel rollback, but it remains the fundamental question. It should be possible, given goodwill and a minimum of self-discipline, for business, labor, and government to develop institutions and procedures to arrive at cooperative decisions on wages, prices, and investment policy.

The countries of the Common Market and of Scandinavia have already found that such joint action is both necessary and desirable to keep their economies on an even keel. Britain, even under a Conservative government, is moving in this direction by devising an "incomes policy," and may move much faster if the Labor Party wins. The United States always prefers to think of itself as exempt from these sophisticated social disciplines. Our folklore of individualism keeps getting in the way, as witness the continuing wrangle over medical care for the aged quite as if health insurance and social security were still novel ideas. But the complexity of our responsibilities as a world power make it essential that we sooner or later abandon our nineteenth-century, *laissez-faire* doctrines and act coopera-

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tively rather than anarchically in economic matters.

It is particularly ironic to see the unions so adamant against this nascent policy of government leadership since on almost all other fronts, labor presses for a more aggressive government role. A coordinated plan for wages and prices would become urgently necessary if all of labor's other recommendations for social policy were adopted, for then we would have no unemployment, full use of our factory capacity, and very strong pressure toward inflation. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

HERE AND THERE

"Pacem in Terris" a Year Later

POPE JOHN'S last encyclical, *Pacem in Terris,* has had more universal appeal and general impact than any other of this century's remarkable papal documents. An example of its wide acceptance is the fact that the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions will sponsor a large-scale conference on the encyclical next February. The Center, of course, is a completely secular institution. Only three of its twenty-six board members and three of its nineteen staff members are Catholics. Still, both board and staff are enthusiastic about the coming conference. To it will be invited participants from all over the world, from every political camp and religious body. Pope John addressed his encyclical to all men of good will, and it seems particularly appropriate that this first great gathering to discuss its implications should be carried out by a secular organization and be attended by representatives of many different religious, political, and ideological persuasions. The early response to the Center's plan has been encouragement from all sides.

The acceptance of *Pacem in Terris* is all the more remarkable in that the encyclical is so clearly a Christian, even so distinctly a Catholic, document in its religious passages, and so uncompromisingly a Natural Law document in its philosophic approach to the problem of world peace.

Of course one can follow Pope John's philosophic reasoning without accepting his religious presuppositions. Perhaps, also, one can give assent to the Pope's conclusions for theological reasons, without accepting the encyclical's philosophical doctrine, though this would appear to be more difficult. It is hard to see, though, how one can reject both the theology *and* the philosophy in the encyclical and still take it seriously as a guide to political action.

Still, remarkably enough, that is what has happened. The encyclical has been received enthusiastically by persons who are known to have no taste for Christian theology, particularly for the Catholic version of Christian theology. Again, some who hailed it most enthusiastically are famous for their lack of sympathy for the philosophy of *Pacem in Terris.* Many of them in fact have spent years charging Natural Law thinking with being irrelevant and useless for the settlement of *real* problems in the *real* world. Yet, the encyclical has been praised above all for its practicality and usefulness in a Bomb-threatened world—and by some of these same people. By an ironic twist, at the same time, some devout adherents of Pope John's theology and his Natural Law philosophy, have been cool to *Pacem in Terris.* It would seem that the former, however dim their appreciation of its line of reasoning, are pleased with its practical conclusions; whereas the latter, though they approve of the Pope's premises, balk at his conclusions.

IN THE VERY first line of the encyclical, the Pope made a flat statement about the nature of "peace on earth." Such peace, he said, "can be firmly established only if the order laid down by God is dutifully observed." This point would certainly seem doomed to be a cause of disputation rather than of agreement in any worldwide council. First of all, one can expect a profound difference about the very notion of a God-created order; but even if agreement can be reached on the idea that there are "laws" governing the moral universe, won't another argument surely arise as to just what such laws are? Certainly Pope John could not be said to have been indifferent to the question. In one of the few negative passages of *Pacem in Terris,* he assailed the idea that the "relationships between men and States can be governed by the same laws as the forces and irrational elements of the universe." Of course, Pope John derived *his* "laws" from an understanding of the "nature of man," a concept that many of his stoutest admirers might be expected to reject as a starting point for anything, especially for anything as important as the peace of the world.

The encyclical enumerated a number of specific human rights which are derived from man's nature. They include religious liberty, the right to marry or to embrace the priestly and monastic life, an *a priori* parental right in deciding the education of children, "free initiative" in the economic order as well as "the right to work," the right to private property "even of productive goods," the "right of assembly and association" and the right to establish "a great variety of . . . intermediate groups and societies [between the individual and the State] in order to guarantee for the human person a sufficient sphere of freedom and responsibility," "the right to freedom of movement and of residence within the confines of [one's]

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own country; and, when there are just reasons for it, the right to emigrate to other countries and take up residence there."

How much general agreement will there be on these points? Practically every one of these "rights" is presently a cause of dissension and disagreement. And even when they are considered abstractly, there is no consensus about their validity or indeed about the Pope's general statement that "every fundamental human right draws its indestructible moral force from the Natural Law."

In subsequent paragraphs Pope John strongly assailed colonialism and racism and affirmed not only the *right* but the *duty* of peoples who feel they are being deprived of their rightful independence to "claim these rights." By the same token, he insisted on the moral duty of others "to acknowledge these rights and respect them." Applied to specific cases, won't this principle also be a sword of division between the present warring political camps rather than a source of greater understanding?

As might be expected, the Pope took an uncompromisingly theistic view of political authority. "Those therefore who have authority in the State may oblige men in conscience only if their authority is intrinsically related with the authority of God and shares in it." From this general proposition, Pope John drew the conclusion that "if civil authorities legislate for or allow anything that is contrary to that [divine] order and therefore contrary to the will of God, neither the laws made nor the authorizations granted can be binding on the consciences of the citizens, since *God has more right to be obeyed than men.*" He did not hesitate at this point to invoke the authority of Saint Thomas, who taught that a positive law which does not conform to the eternal law is "wicked"—not a law at all but "a kind of violence."

This particular section concluded with the doctrine that "to safeguard the inviolable rights of the human person, and to facilitate the fulfillment of his duties, should be the essential office of every public authority." "Any government [that] does not acknowledge the rights of man or violates them . . . not only fails in its duty, *but its orders completely lack juridical force.*"

Again, one wonders if in the foreseeable future there can be any universal agreement on the "rights of man," so enumerated, and, second, whether it will not take a major change, indeed a revolutionary change, in political ideologies before all nations can agree to co-exist peacefully with an understanding that these rights will not only be solemnly protected but that persons deprived of them will be thereby relieved of civil obedience.

Pacem in Terris supports governmental intervention in the economic sphere, after the manner of what is generally called "the welfare state." This made the encyclical unpalatable to certain *laissez-faire* die-hards in the West. A more serious difficulty, though, is its forthright declaration: "*For this principle must always be retained: that State activity in the economic field, no matter what its breadth or depth may be, ought not to be exercised in such a way as to curtail an individual's freedom of personal initiative. Rather it should work to expand that freedom as much as possible by the effective protection of the essential personal rights of each and every individual.*" Like a statement following it, namely, that "it is in keeping with the innate demands of human nature that the State should take a form which embodies the three-fold division of powers," this preference does not appear to be shared by all parties.

PACEM IN TERRIS never veers from its Natural Law presuppositions. A world totally fashioned after its prescriptions would be a world in which the philosophy of Natural Law has triumphed over all others. Essentially, then, the encyclical, in the pluralistic setting of the modern world, is a "sectarian" statement. That its conclusions jibe with those dear to many who have no taste for its cast of thought may be an unwitting tribute to the universalism of Natural Law doctrine, a tribute to the remarkably humane spirit of John XXIII, or merely an expression of the yearnings of a generation which longs for peace and is looking for any way out of its present impasse.

Still, it is only fair to the encyclical and to the Pontiff who signed it that it be taken *in toto*. And when it is, it will be evident that in itself *Pacem in Terris* is not enough.

The problem of pluralism remains. John XXIII showed that *his* philosophy is compatible with pluralism. Profound differences need not result in disaster, even differences as profound as those between Catholicism and Communism. Now, though, we must hear from others. *Pacem in Terris* needs to be supplemented by equally reasoned, equally forthright statements on the requirements for peace from other schools of thought, religious and anti-religious. Only when all have spoken *ex corde* and candidly about their separate visions of peace on earth will we finally know where we stand.

The Pope's vision was of restoring "the order established by God" (a phrase found in both the first and last lines of the encyclical). Is that vision compatible with one which has a totally different view of Nature, an utterly different understanding of the ends of human life, of the secular order and of the "laws" of the universe and of History?

That of course is the tough question the Center conference will have to face. It is possible to melt it in a bath of peaceful sentiment and amorphous good will. But any serious treatment of Pope John's encyclical will finally be confronted with it.

JOHN COGLEY

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More to Come

IN THE LAST few weeks I have spoken in states as widely separated as Colorado, Minnesota and North Carolina. But in each place I have received one central impression: there is less and less that is unspeakable, less and less that is unthinkable. The great change in American Catholicism is well under way.

In the most basic sense, of course, being a Catholic in America in 1964 means exactly what it meant to be a Catholic five hundred or a thousand years ago. So considered, the Church is timeless, transcending history and nationality. But it is also possible to speak of the Church in another and less fundamental sense. We do this, for example, when we compare Catholicism in various countries. Always it is Catholicism, but we know that Catholicism in France is sharply different from that in Spain, or Catholicism in Ireland from that in the countries of Latin America.

In the same way Catholicism in this country differs from Catholicism elsewhere in the sense that our national institutions are different, our history is different, our expectations and aspirations are different. We who are Catholic are affected by our culture—and affect it—in ways that are not Italian or French or Spanish but American. Thus while it is true that in one sense being a Catholic is the same in America as in Spain, in another sense it is quite different.

It would not be easy to capture this difference. Almost everyone who writes about the subject generalizes too easily and too sweepingly, and I include myself. The problem is that there are forty-three million Catholics in this country, and that we are too diverse in cultural background, ethnic tradition and present situations for many easy generalizations.

John F. Kennedy was a Catholic, and so too are most of the Puerto Ricans in New York's Spanish Harlem, but obviously being a Catholic meant something far different for President Kennedy than it does for the Puerto Ricans. Being a Catholic means something quite different for the second-generation Italian and for that rare Catholic whose family was here in colonial days. It means something different for the German Catholic in Minnesota and for the Polish Catholic in Milwaukee. Being a Catholic for an Irish boy on the West Side of Chicago was even a little different from what it was for James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan and his friends on the less affluent South Side.

I grant all these differences, which do make generalizations difficult. Yet, differences or no, it seems to me in thinking about it today that those sociologists were right who said that one factor was central in the Catholic experience in this country, and this was that the Church in this country was essentially an immigrant Church. I am not, of course, suggesting that there is anything new about this thesis; I am saying it must not be forgotten if we are to understand the present position of American Catholics.

The assimilation of the Catholic immigrant into the life of the nation and of the Church in this country was a remarkable feat. It was accomplished, we must remember, despite the bitter opposition the immigrant often encountered—an opposition dramatically symbolized by the Know Nothing attacks on churches and schools. The election of John F. Kennedy put a period to that era in American history once and for all, I believe. As a result, being a Catholic in America today means something quite new. Both the challenges and the opportunities we now face are quite different from those of our fathers' day. And this is where our problem arises.

Few would deny that the Know Nothing days are long gone. This is not to say that all is rosy; there are always those who seem less anxious to heal old wounds than to make new ones, and neither side has a monopoly in this matter. By and large, though, most of us are agreed that the really bitter divisions of the past are either gone or going fast, and few of us would have it any other way. The trouble is, though, that we have not yet grasped all the implications of this state of affairs.

For many of our fathers and grandfathers, life in a political, social and cultural ghetto was a necessity imposed by the society in which they found themselves, and most of them came to take this state of affairs very much for granted. Today many of the walls are already down, and the rest are tottering. Catholics find themselves more and more free to participate fully in the life of our open society. Yet the withdrawal syndrome is stubborn; many of our old behavior patterns and defensive responses linger on, often without our being aware of the fact.

If I read the signs right, this is the source of much of the tension one finds in many Catholic communities. It is not, as many would have it, primarily a division between young and old, or between lay and cleric, or between intellectual and non-intellectual—it is a division between those who see that the great change has come and who welcome it and those who see the change and fear and detest it. American Catholicism would be going through a crisis state right about now just because we are finally emerging from our immigrant status; add to this development the fact of John XXIII and the Vatican Council's push for *aggiornamento*, and it is no wonder that strong pressures and counter-pressures are now building up inside the American church—indeed, if my guess is right, what we are witnessing is only the beginning.

JAMES O'GARA

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From Early Childhood the Young Are Subjected to a Lockstep

Saving the Liberal Arts

PAUL GOODMAN

JACQUES BARZUN, the Dean of Faculties at Columbia, sees the end of the liberal arts colleges; they cannot survive the emphasis on technical and professional education and the overwhelming financing of scientific research by federal money, corporation money, and most of the foundation money. It seems to me that the same trend to vocational training and contracted research spells the end of the universities as well, regarded as schools for independent professionals, communities of scholars, and centers of free inquiry. The crucial issue is not the change from "general" education to "specialism," but from the humanism of independent guilds of scholars, whether in the liberal arts or the professions, to apprentice-training and engineering for the national economy, space-ships, and war. As Mr. Kennedy put it in his message on education, the use of science is for "economic, military, medical, and other reasons."

The educational reality can be seen in the present kind of scheduling, testing, and grading. From early childhood, the young are subjected to a lockstep increasingly tightly geared to the extra-mural demands. There is little attention to individual pace, rhythm, or choice, and none whatever to the discovery of identity or devotion to intellectual goals. The aptitude and achievement testing and the fierce competition for high grades are a race up the ladder to high-salaried jobs in the businesses of the world, including the schooling business. In this race, time is literally money. Middle-class youngsters—the parents of the youngsters—realistically opt for Advanced Placement and hasten to volunteer for the National Merit examinations; Negro parents want the same for their children—though the children do not always cooperate.

What is disappointing, but not surprising, is that the colleges and universities go along with their own spiritual destruction and make no effort to counteract it. It is not surprising since that is where the money and grandeur are, and I do not expect for a moment that they will, in the foreseeable future, recall their primary duties: to pass on the tradition of disinterested learning, to provide a critical standard, to educate the free young *(liberi)* to be new centers of citizenly and professional initiative. We moralize in vain; but the question is, *could* the colleges and universities act otherwise, even if they wished to? Of course they could; most of them are autonomous corporations. Let me here suggest two quite modest changes, that are feasible almost immediately, that would entail no risk, and yet would immensely improve the academic communities in themselves and importantly restore their freedom in society.

SUPPOSE that half a dozen of the most prestigious liberal arts colleges—say Amherst, Swarthmore, Connecticut Wesleyan, Carleton, etc.—would announce that, beginning in 1966, they required for admission a two-year period after high school spent in some maturing activity, e.g., working for a living, community service such as the Northern Student Movement or the Peace Corps, work camp, army, a satisfactory course of travel, independent enterprise in art or science away from home, or any combination of these. These colleges are many times over-subscribed and they would not want for applicants on any conditions that they set. (They have already decided to *try* to limit their expansion to about 1400.)

The purpose of this proposal is twofold: to get students with enough life-experience to be educable on the college level, especially in the humanities and social sciences; and so to break the lockstep of twelve years of doing nothing but assigned lessons for grades, so that the student may approach his college studies with some intrinsic motivation. (Many teachers remember with nostalgia the maturer students under the G.I. bill, though a large number of them were pretty shell-shocked.) Incidentally, an effect of the plan would be to relieve the colleges of their doomed—and hypocritical—effort to serve *in loco parentis* on moral matters. If a young person has worked for a living, traveled in foreign countries, been in the army, the college can assume that he or she can take care of himself.

The American tradition of colleges for adolescents made a kind of sense when the curriculum was largely unquestioned classics, history, and mathematics, taught dogmatically, in a seminary atmosphere. Present-day

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college teaching tries to be something different, emphasizing method, background reading, criticism, and research, as well as offering a range of choice quite baffling to most seventeen-year-olds. In a curious way, the current dominance of mathematics and the physical sciences obscures the true picture of student ineptitude and professorial frustration. It *is* possible to teach mathematics and physics to boys and girls (especially boys); these abstract subjects suit their alert and schematizing minds, if they are intelligent. But it is *not* possible to teach sociology, anthropology, world literature, etc. to boys and girls. When it is tried, the message is merely verbal. The harsh facts and the relativity of morals are bound to be embarrassing and shocking. Regarded as "assignments," as high-school graduates must regard them, the voluminous readings are indigestible straw and are annotated by rote; more mature students might be able to take them as books. In brief, whiz-bang youngsters who have found their identity as mathematicians, scientists, or technicians might well speed on to M.I.T. at 15 and 16. The liberal arts colleges, that are essentially concerned with educating citizens and statesmen, social scientists and social professionals, scholars and men-of-letters, require more maturity to begin with. If the average age were higher, they could also serve as a haven for the many disappointed science-students, who can hardly backtrack among the seventeens.

Throughout our educational system there is a desperate need for what Professor Erikson calls moratoria, interims in which a youth can find himself. Think of it: almost half of the young are doing lessons for sixteen to twenty *continuous* years! (In 1900, when only 6% graduated from high school, most could make many changes before they "settled down.") If we are going to require as much schooling as we do, we must arrange for breaks and return-points, otherwise the schooling inevitably becomes spirit-breaking regimentation.

MY SECOND proposal is even simpler, and not at all novel. It is yearly suggested by some academic committee or other. Let half a dozen of the prestigious universities—say Chicago, Stanford, and the Ivy League—abolish grading and use testing entirely for pedagogic purposes. Anyone who knows the frantic temper of the present schools will understand the transvaluation of values that would be effected by this modest innovation. For most students the competitive grade has come to be the essence: the naive teacher points to the beauty of the subject and the ingenuity of the research; the shrewd student asks if he is responsible for that on the final exam.

Let me at once dispose of an objection whose unanimity is quite fascinating. I think the majority of professors agree that evaluative grading hinders teaching and creates a bad spirit—I have before me the collection of essays, "Examining in Harvard College," and this is the consensus—but, it is uniformly asserted, the grading is inevitable, for how else would the graduate schools, the foundations, the corporations *know* whom to accept, reward, hire? How will the talent-scouts know whom to tap? By testing the applicants, of course, according to the specific task and institution, just as applicants for the Civil Service or licenses in medicine, law, and architecture are tested. Why should Harvard professors do the testing for corporations and graduate schools?

The objection is ludicrous. Dean Whitla, of the Harvard Office of Tests, points out that the scholastic-aptitude and achievement scores used for *admission* to Harvard are a super-excellent index for all-around Harvard performance, better than high-school grades or particular Harvard course-grades. By the same logic, an employer would do far better to apply his own job-aptitude test than to rely on the vagaries of Harvard section-men.

It is really necessary to remind our academics of the ancient history of examination. In the medieval university, the point of the grueling trial of the candidate was whether or not to accept him as a peer; his disputation and lecture for the Master's degree was just that, a master-piece to enter the guild. It was not to weed out and select for an extra-mural licensor or employer. It was certainly not to pit one young fellow against another or arrange them by rank. (Of course, our American examination never did have this purely guild orientation, just as our faculties have rarely had absolute autonomy; the examining was to satisfy Overseers, Elders, distant Regents. But I submit that such a set-up makes it impossible for the student to *become* a master, to *have* grown up, to commence on his own, relying on his background. He will always be making A or B for some overseer or boss. And in the present rat-race, he will always be climbing on his friend's neck.)

NEEDLESS to say, the chief objectors to abolishing grading would be the students and their parents. The parents should be simply disregarded; their status-seeking anxiety has done enough damage already. For the students, it seems to me that a primary duty of

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the university is precisely brutally to deprive them of their dependence on extrinsic valuation and motivation, to force them to confront the difficult enterprise itself, and finally lose themselves in it. Indeed, a miserable effect of grading is to nullify this excellent use of testing.

For both student and teacher, testing is a means of structuring, of finding out what is blank or wrong and what has been assimilated and can be taken for granted. A review—perhaps even especially cramming under pressure—is a means of bringing together the fragments. There are many good reasons for testing and kinds of tests. But if the aim is to discover weakness, what is the point of grading and punishing it, making the student fake? The conclusion of synthesis is insight, not a grade. For purposes of placement, if one can establish that one is testing *not* to grade and make invidious comparisons, the student will normally seek his own level, where he is challenged and yet capable, rather than trying to get by. A teacher's grade is a crude instrument compared with a student's self-awareness, *if the student dares to accept himself*. But it is rare in our universities that students are encouraged to notice objectively their vast confusion, rather than one-upping. Unlike Socrates, our teachers rely on power-drives rather than shame and ingenuous idealism.

Many students are lazy, so teachers try to goad or threaten them by grading; but in the long run this does more harm than good. Laziness is a character-defense. It may be a way of avoiding learning, in order to protect the conceit that one is perfect; or of avoiding just the risk of failing and being down-graded; sometimes it is a way of politely saying "I won't." But since, in my opinion, it is authoritarian "grown up" demands that have created such attitudes in the first place, why repeat the trauma? There is a point at which we must treat people as adult, laziness and all. It is one thing courageously to fire a do-nothing out of your class; it is quite another to evaluate him with an F.

Often, however, it is likely that balking in doing the work, especially among bright young people, means exactly what it says: that the work does not suit them, not that subject, or at that time, or in the school setting altogether. They might not be bookish, or might be school-tired; perhaps their development ought now to take another direction. Unfortunately, if students are not sure of themselves and are intelligent, they *can* be bullied into passing and this obscures everything. My hunch is that I am describing a common situation. What a grim waste of young life and teacherly effort! Such a student will retain nothing of what he has "passed". Sometimes he has to get mononucleosis to tell his story and be believed.

Ironically, the converse is also probably commonly true: students flunk and are mechanically weeded out who are really ready and eager to learn in a scholastic setting, but have not yet caught on. The teacher recognizes the situation, but the computer wreaks its will.

Twist it and turn it, the grading makes no sense whatever. Scrap it.

Film Festival

Eyestrain at Cannes

RONALD STEEL

THIS YEAR's film festival at Cannes was really not much worse than most. There were, to be sure, the usual number of imitation Antonionis, fake Godards, and neo-Kurosawas, churned out by earnest journeymen without an idea in their heads. But these bland reproductions, which are really a kind of homage to their masters, don't really harm anyone, and they have the inestimable value of offering weary critics a few moments of recuperation on the beach. Then, of course, there were the slices of life—whether down on the collective farm or in the musical-comedy whorehouse—which operate on the assumption that social Truth is directly proportional to artistic poverty. As in every festival, there was the giant who fell, in this case François Truffaut, whose new film tumbled him from the pantheon of heroes into the pit of mortal men who sometimes make mistakes. And, as in compensation for all those hours of eyestrain, there were a few gems of beauty and imagination—those ten a.m. or midnight surprises—that restored one's wavering faith in movies and even in festivals.

Considering that some forty-odd feature-length and documentary films were officially exhibited at Cannes during the first two weeks of May, plus another thirty or

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so on the fringe of the festival by various distributors, it is hardly surprising that masterpieces were in short supply. What is remarkable, perhaps, is that there were about half a dozen works of real merit—which is, after all, better than can be said about Broadway or the best-seller list.

For the most part the films shown were technically well-made but totally undistinguished films which one views without the slightest excitement, which are quickly forgotten, and which no one has the least desire to talk about. If the international festivals are so disappointing, it is probably the fault of those of us who go expecting a continual re-enactment of the miracle of a Fellini or a Munk every year. What we get is a kind of cinema trade fair—films which are rarely exceptional but seldom disgraceful, honest efforts by common talents.

For a festival whose most outstanding feature was its mediocrity, it was perfectly fitting that the grand prize should have gone to Jacques Demy's witless musical drama "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg." Brimming over with garish technicolor and toothy post-adolescents humming to one another in three-quarter time, it is the French answer to Walt Disney. Greeted by the audience and a good many critics as "charming," "fresh" and "imaginative," this vocalized version of "Fanny" struck this dyspeptic reviewer as insupportable. What is wrong is not simply the tasteless score of Michel Legrand, a kind of Gallic Lester Lanin, nor the insipid scenario, nor even the sterilized sex that is usually found in novels for junior high school girls, but the saccharine phoniness which marks every interminable minute.

Determined to prove that they can make movies as commercial as anyone else, the French also entered Henri Vernueil's "$100,000 in the Sun"—an act of artistic *je m'en foutisme* that deserves an appropriate reward, in this case box office success, if not critics' prizes. It is a cut-rate version of "The Wages of Fear," featuring the omnipresent Jean-Paul Belmondo in a script whose vulgarity is exceeded only by the artificiality of its suspense. On the third French entry, Truffaut's "Soft Skin," everyone's hopes ran high, and it is with a heavy heart that I must report that it turned out to be pretty much of a dud. After "Jules and Jim," surely one of the landmarks of the cinema, one expects nothing less than a masterpiece from Truffaut. But this film is a repudiation of "Jules and Jim," an attempt to find in formalism an artistic counterpart to spontaneity. The result is the bourgeois counterpart of the "Jules and Jim" triangle, but this time with people who have no more life than the cardboard characters in the *fait divers* from whom they are drawn. Suppressing the very qualities that have made his work unique—wit, a sense of the ridiculous, imagination, honesty, anti-sentimentality—Truffaut is left with only his own technical skill: highly professional camera work, a loving sense of detail, and a tender exploration of character that save a banal script from total disaster. This is a film of exquisite detail and evident sincerity, but one which never manages to rise above highly-stylized melodrama.

Nor was Truffaut the only master to stumble. Jack Clayton, who had shown a real professionalism in "Room at the Top" and in "The Innocents," failed to inspire much critical interest in his fuzzy version of Penelope Mortimer's novel, *The Pumpkin Eater*. Despite a dazzling performance by Anne Bancroft in the role of a woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do—a performance which deservedly won her the best actress award—the film suffered fatally from a confused scenario by Harold Pinter, here very much out of his element, and an obvious uncertainty on Clayton's part as to exactly what it was he wanted to say. The other deception of the festival was Bernard Wicki's inexcusably incompetent version of the Durenmatt play, "The Visit." One of those international stews whose cast is joined in common purpose only by the voices of the dubbers, it turned out to be a Central European version of "Our Town." With an unfortunate performance by Ingrid Bergman, for whose benefit the "old lody" was transformed into a 38-year-old clotheshorse with Rolls-Royce and sequinned sun glasses, the usual ineffectual spluttering of Anthony Quinn, and an assortment of rollicking peasants, an overrated play was turned into a boring farce. What Durenmatt's tale demanded was a quality of nightmarish fantasy, but instead of giving us Kafka, Wicki dishes up warmed-over Steinbeck. Coming after "The Bridge," which had marked him as one of the rare hopes of a moribund German cinema, this is a sad pratfall indeed.

AMONG the other contributions best forgotten quickly are "The Happy Sixties," a tedious tale of a bored Barcelona bourgeoisie on the Costa Brava by Jaime Camino who claims to be the champion of the Spanish "new wave"—which is to say that school of imitators which thinks modernism consists of having inarticulate characters bore one another in flashy surroundings. Equally forgettable was the Indian entry, "Let Me Live," whose promising plot was destroyed by ludricrous direction, and the Greek melodrama "Red Lights" which deals with —you guessed it—the tribulations of Piraeus whores all equipped with 24-carat hearts of gold. In the category of curiosities, with which Cannes seemed to be liberally endowed this year, were two Italian entries, "The Ape Woman," a hapless attempt at social commentary in which Marco Ferrari has forced poor Annie Girardot to glue hair all over her body to play a circus freak, and "White Voices," which, as far as I could determine, was one long sick joke about Roman *castrati* in the early nineteenth century that gave a number of second-rate thespians a chance to camp around to their heart's content. To this list must be added the three official American entries: "The World of Henry Orient," which will bring joy only to admirers of Peter Sellers and 13-year old girls, which counts me out; "The Fall of the Roman Empire,"

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for reasons which hardly need going into; and "One Potato Two Potato," a well-meaning collection of liberal clichés about mixed marriages which induced the European critics to lose their critical judgment in admiration of its good intentions. This black-and-white version of "Marty," presumably turned down for the critic's week showings, mysteriously ended up as an official entry and won for Barbara Barrie, the only one in the cast who seemed to have ever been before a camera, the joint prize with Anne Bancroft for the best female performance. Shown outside the festival was an amateurish rendition of John Howard Griffin's "Black Like Me," a film whose subject matter brought it more attention than its nonexistent artistic qualities merit.

Happily the American contingent was not confined to these abortions, and indeed—except for Carson Davidson's short "Help, My Snowman's Burning Down," which won a special jury prize—the best U.S. films were shown outside competition. Franklin Schaffner's film version of "The Best Man" from the play by Gore Vidal was slick, entertaining and well-received by the critics. This study of American power politics gives some ground for hope that perhaps Hollywood has at last found in political satire and political fantasy—as the recent works of Frankenheimer and Kubrick indicate—something to work with other than the adenoidal charms of Hayley Mills. Selected for showing at the critic's week was the compelling documentary by Daniel Talbot and Emile de Antonio on the fall of McCarthy, "Point of Order," whose enthusiastic reception in the U.S. obviates the need for any further comment here, and a delightful work of *humeur noir* called "Goldstein," filmed on a shoestring by two Americans in their mid-twenties. Daring, zany, iconoclastic, sometimes exasperating but never dull, it was a rare and welcome surprise.

Among the other surprises of the festival were the two official entries from Brazil, Nelson Pereira dos Santos' "Dry Lives" and Glauber Rocha's "The Black God and the Blond Devil," both of which were brilliantly imaginative creations that stood head and shoulders above nearly everything else shown. Exciting, new and intensely original, they are beautifully realized attempts to deal in artistic terms with the economic and social crisis shaking Brazil. The latter, particularly, a remarkable study of religious fanaticism, economic oppression and political savagery in the impoverished Northeast, indicates that in 25-year-old Glauber Rocha, whose first film "Barravento" was shown last year at the New York Film Festival, Brazil has produced an artist of the highest caliber.

Equally surprising was the Russian entry, "Romance in Moscow," shown on the last night of the festival when most of us had given up hope of any more revelations. Instead of a plonking drama about the horrors of war or the heroism of beating your production quota, the Russians gave us an iee cream sundae with whipped cream, brimming over with gaiety and humor, light-hearted and witty, a film without problems, without melodrama, and almost without plot. In this tale of four young people on a summer day in Moscow, people to whom nothing very much happens and yet who have such a spontaneous *joie de vivre* that they break into song on subway escalators or play practical jokes on nervous bureaucrats, the thaw seems finally to have broken through to reveal a new generation of Russians to whom Stalinism is barely even a memory. Frothy, gay and totally winning in its charm, "Romance in Moscow" was the delight of the festival, and its superb young actors its heroes. Its director, Georgiu Danelia, who did the splendidly inconsequential "A Summer to Remember," won a special mention from the jury, together with two other young directors: Jaronel Jires of Czechoslovakia, whose "The Cry" won wide critical attention, and Manuel Summers of Spain for his comic-drama "The Girl in Mourning."

Also singled out for a special prize by the jury was Hiroshi Teshigahara's "Lady of the Sands," a strangely compelling tale of an entomologist who is made prisoner at the bottom of a sand pit by primitive villagers and who ultimately loses the desire to escape. Dense in texture and subtle in mood, this is a film of ambiguity and fatality, a poetic exercise of great beauty. Among the other prize-winners were: a Japanese documentary on athletics, "The Price of Victory," which shared honors for the best short with François Reichenbach's charming, if somewhat patronizing, "La Douceur du Village." The award for the best male performance was also split—the jury had a terrible time making up its mind this year—between Antal Pagar for his role in the Hungarian film "The Lark," and Saro Urzi, who gave a tour de force of a performance as the mortified Sicilian father who is determined to marry off his pregnant daughter in Pietro Germi's *farce de moeurs*, "Seduced and Abandoned." Wildly funny at times, even better than his "Divorce Italian Style," Germi's film falls apart in the second half when he refuses to allow comedy to carry the weight of his social criticism and introduces a succession of disastrous dream sequences.

HOWEVER unfair to the living, it remained for Andrzej Munk, the great Polish director who was killed in an auto accident in 1961, to present the finest film of the festival. Only half completed at the time of his death, "Passengers" nonetheless won a special homage from the jury and took the critics' award for the best film. In outline it is the story of an unrepentant minor official at Auschwitz, one whose daily job it was to provide the prisoners for the gas chambers and furnaces, who returns to Europe on a passenger liner some fifteen years after the war with her American husband and is wrenched back into the past when she sees a woman boarding the ship whom she believes to be one of her former prisoners. At the time of his death Munk had completed the concentration camp scenes, but had not yet begun those on board ship.

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With great skill, his collaborators in the Kamera group filled in the shipboard scenes with still photographs—a device which works remarkably well and which remains absolutely faithful to Munk's scenario. This remarkable study of guilt and retribution, of suffering and dignity, of sadism and bravery, of all that is wretched and all that is noble in man is more than simply a great film—it is one of those miraculous works of art which allow us to comprehend the horror of what is unthinkable so that we might honestly confront the terrible human weakness that made it possible.

On the very fringe of the festival was a retrospective showing of the works of Munk's great contemporary, Andrzej Wajda, including virtually all his films: "Kanal," a despairing account of the Warsaw uprising; "Lotna," a diffuse study of the futile heroism of the Polish cavalry regiments who rode into battle against German tanks; "The Innocent Sorcerers," a "new wave" exploration of cynicism among the Warsaw motorscooter set that is marred by a wooden protagonist; "Lady Macbeth of Siberia," a brilliant version of the classic, set in nineteenth-century Russia; the superb sketch from "Love at Twenty" in which Zbigniew Cybulski gives a moving portrayal of a war hero who seems ridiculous to the new generation of young Poles; and finally "Samson," a towering work of power and bitterness, dealing with the fate of a young Jew in the Warsaw ghetto. In the strength of its compassion and the beauty of its photography it is equalled only by Wajda's own earlier masterpiece, "Ashes and Diamonds."

Mediocre in its entirety, Cannes was marked by rare flashes of brilliance—this year from Poland and Brazil—that made all the eyestrain and all the lost hours of sunshine somehow worth it.

Religious War in Cyprus

Crescent and Cross

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

ANY VISITOR to Cyprus would be utterly unable to distinguish the members of the island's two communities. The Greeks look exactly like the Turks; they dress in the same way and practically all of them speak Greek. Even the Cypriotes themselves cannot tell a Greek from a Turk or a Turk from a Greek. They have been living side by side during nearly four hundred years, mingling in the towns as well as in the country, shop next to shop, house next to house, field next to field. Nowhere else is a minority like the Turkish minority more intimately integrated with the majority, which is Greek. The proportion is roughly one to five. The standard of living on Cyprus is higher than the average in the Middle East and can only be compared to Israel—undoubtedly one result of the British rule. It cannot be said that the population of Cyprus is primitive.

And yet its inhabitants kill one another wherever they get a chance. Prisoners are tortured on both sides, sometimes to the point of crippling or even killing. If the two communities have been living peacefully side by side for centuries, intermarriages have been extremely rare and have often ended in tragedy. Now they are out of the question. Why then do these two communities fight each other?

The answer is given by the only external signs that distinguish a Turkish quarter from a Greek quarter, or a Greek village from a Turkish village: the mosque or the church, the Moslem crescent or the Christian cross. This is what you look for when driving through the beautiful landscape in order to know which camp you are entering. A mosque? Turks. A church? Greeks. And if churches and mosques are close to each other, the area must be a mixed one and therefore a regular theater of fighting, with the result that it has been taken over by one side. It is a religious war.

Are then the Turks and the Greeks of Cyprus particularly religious? Or is one side provoking the religious sensibilities of the other? No, the Cypriotes are known as rather lukewarm Christians and lukewarm Moslems. And yet religion is there separating them like an invisible wall and driving them to exterminate each other. Its mysterious power goes far beyond the individual, beyond the differences of language and of traditions into a part of the human soul which seems to be reserved for it and which commands so much and of which we know so little.

Naturally on Cyprus the religious wars of the past have left their traces. In Famagusta, which must have

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been one of the most beautiful cities of our civilization, splendid Gothic churches and cathedrals have been turned into mosques, exactly as happened to other Christian churches in Constantinople. The Crusaders did the same to the mosques wherever they could. But this form of religious imperialism on both sides has subsided completely and is largely forgotten. What remains is the fact that the inhabitants of Cyprus, of the same stock on both sides, never intermarried and now exterminate each other only because they are of different religion.

ONE DAY I visited the commander of the EOKA terrorists on Cyprus. The EOKA are the Greek terrorists who only five years ago managed to win independence for Cyprus from the British. They fought against more than 30,000 British troops and police; they were at most 3,000 and they won. The EOKA commander is a short, stocky and dark fellow with only one ear—the other has been shot off. He is of peasant stock and his official job is as teacher of mathematics in a public high school. He was captured by the British and as the right hand man of the legendary General Grivas he was packed off to Great Britain and put into a maximum-security prison. There he made the acquaintance of another inmate with an interest in mathematics—Klaus Fuchs.

He spoke with a particular warmth about his predecessor, Gregoris Afxentiou, who was betrayed and surrounded by British forces in his mountain hideout, a rock-covered cave. Summoned to come out with his four comrades, Afxentiou refused; only his comrades came. When a British corporal shouted again to demand surrender, Afxentiou shot him dead. All morning bullets and grenades were exchanged. Finally gasoline was poured down the hillside and set alight at the cave entrance. One of the captives was sent down to persuade him to surrender, but instead stayed with Afxentiou to fight. Finally a box of explosives were set off over the roof of the cave and the second EOKA man darted from the smoke of the cave, his hands high. The troops waited for five more minutes, then dragged out Afxentiou's body, still burning.

Now the cave is a shrine with candles burning night and day in front of pictures of the Virgin and of Afxentiou who has become a national hero and an example for the Greek youth of Cyprus.

I asked his successor how they used to pick out the active members of the EOKA. He said that they had to have "a good character"—that they had to be tough and "religious." Therefore there were practically no Communists among them, despite the comparative strength of the Communist party on the island. The EOKA leaders managed to defy the British from underground largely due to the fact that they were backed up by the local Orthodox clergy and the numerous monasteries, where they often hid, sometimes disguised as priests or monks. Archbishop Makarios has the age-old title "Ethnarch" which means "leader of the people," and the Orthodox clergy has traditionally throughout the centuries led the resistance both against the Moslem Arabs and Turks and against the Roman Catholic Crusaders and their successors.

I asked what the present situation of the EOKA is, now that independence for Cyprus has been achieved. It has not been disbanded, he said, but is standing by studying events. And if these events turn out unfavorable for the Greeks on the island? If, for instance, the mediator should move in the direction of a partition, a solution which the Greeks say they will never accept, but which the Turks are asking for? He replied without hesitation, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that in this event the EOKA would fight the U.N. troops exactly as it fought the British.

The submerged religious strain can be detected in many of the Cyprus clashes. Again and again the Turks complain that mosques have been destroyed and deliberately profaned by Greek irregulars. I myself have seen the Koran in "conquered" mosques, soiled and torn to pieces; and the Turks have killed a surprising number of priests and monks.

THE ISLAND has a small neutral minority—the Armenians. They are mostly refugees from Turkey, the survivors of "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," as the title of Franz Werfel's bestseller terms the mass murder of the Armenians in Turkey after World War I. It was a case of genocide as ghastly as the mass murder of Jews by the Nazis, only more primitive. Here again the reason was mainly religious and many Armenians saved their lives only by becoming Moslems or at least acting as if their conversion was sincere. When they fled from extermination in Turkey and landed on Cyprus, however, most of them settled in Turkish quarters and Turkish villages owing to the simple fact that their language was Turkish. Now, forty-five years later, they have all fled from the Turkish side to the Greek side, in spite of frantic efforts to remain neutral in the struggle. They remember all too vividly the sinister mountain Musa Dagh and after all, they say, we are Christians.

Among the Turks on Cyprus there is a sad old song about the beautiful Greek town of Kyrenia on the northern coast of the island, a song quoted by Lawrence Durrell in his book about Cyprus, "Bitter Lemons," long before the present trouble started:

If you should come to Kyrenia
Don't enter the walls.
If you should enter the walls
Don't stay long.
If you should stay long
Don't get married.
If you should get married
Don't have children.

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"Philadelphia—Still Closed"

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: The responsibility of any magazine is to speak the truth loudly and clearly. In a high degree, this is expected of a Catholic journal. This duty THE COMMONWEAL flagrantly violated in publishing, in its May 1st issue, Dennis Clark's article "Philadelphia —Still Closed." Compounding the error was the statement in the next issue, "If Dennis Clark's article on Philadelphia last week was accurate," [James O'Gara, "Getting Nowhere Fast?", May 8] disclosing that your managing editor didn't know whether the story was true or not, since he obviously hadn't verified it.

The article was not only inaccurate—it was a rank distortion of truth. If THE COMMONWEAL had exercised the same judgment as the secular press did with respect to Mr. Clark's angry protest, by consulting the target of the criticism, it would perhaps have acted as prudently and avoided a misleading publication. Without investigating the facts, you ignored the impressive history of Catholic solicitude for the Negro in this Archdiocese going back over a century and published an isolated protest which might more aptly have been titled "Archdiocese of Philadelphia Disobeys Clark."

Many decades before the current racial crisis over *civil* rights, the Catholic Church in Philadelphia was observing the *Christian* rights of Negroes in our schools, our churches and our organizations. We do not have to march in parades to proclaim our respect for these principles which we honor as part of the "Second and Greatest Commandment." The actions of the clergy and the laity of this Archdiocese over a long period of time are far more eloquent than any words.

If this were not so, certainly the Archdiocese could not, by accident, have become such a wellspring of the Negro apostolate. Father Barron, a diocesan official in 1841, became the first missionary to the Negroes in Africa. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament founded here by Mother Katherine Drexel and sponsored by diocesan officials were pioneers in Negro education, founding the first Negro college in New Orleans. Several other religious communities who work with the Negroes at home and abroad were either founded here or owe part of their inspiration to this city.

The heritage of Catholicity in Philadelphia does not have to be opened to any race under social or civic pressure because it was never closed. When I entered the parish school system at the turn of the century, I had Negro schoolmates. One of them, John Lee of the Roman Catholic High School, became President of the Archdiocesan Holy Name Society. Two of his daughters became nuns and a granddaughter is a teaching nun in the Levittown area.

For the past several years, Mr. Albert V. Norrell, a Negro school teacher, has given vigorous leadership as President of the Philadelphia Legion of Mary. Just recently, an alumnus of our diocesan school system, Johnson E. Collins, Jr., a Negro, was elected President of the student body of St. Joseph's College.

Thirty years ago Cardinal Dougherty introduced *pro forma* in the diocesan Synod a statute requiring the enrollment of Negro children into the school of the territorial parish. This merely affirmed an existing practice and attracted no attention.

Clark said Philadelphia is closed. How? To whom? All diocesan institutions provide their services without regard to race as they always have. In our elementary and high schools education is tuition free and without racial distinction. Indeed, the enrollment of several of our parochial schools is over 50 percent non-Catholic Negro. Ten years ago the National Conference of Christians and Jews offered its Brotherhood Award to the pastor of one of our Parishes for his interracial activities. Another parish today is the subject of study by non-Catholic clergymen because of its harmonious interracial character.

Archbishop Krol is a member of two foundations established for the education of Negroes, one of which expends close to $30,000 annually in such scholarships. Some of the beneficiaries of these programs hold important business and governmental positions. The teacher training program established by Archbishop Krol is not only open to but eagerly seeking Negro applicants, because of the Archbishop's conviction that a Negro teacher has more opportunity to promote Christian justice toward the Negro race than any amount of violent demonstrations.

Such teachers as we have are proving the validity of this belief. The Archbishop's known attitude in ecumenical and racial relations has been recognized by the Jewish community of Philadelphia in memorials which they have created for him. Indeed, even an all-Negro non-Catholic athletic group this year voluntarily contributed to the Catholic Charities drive.

The thrust of Mr. Clark's article is that the Archbishop of Philadelphia has not adopted the kind of measures which Mr. Clark recommends. THE COMMONWEAL should know that the Ordinary of a Diocese has many considerations affecting the welfare of his

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entire flock which must be weighed against the importunities of any small group.

THE COMMONWEAL should not have permitted the sincerity of the Archbishop's intentions to be impugned without knowledge of the reasons for his actions and should know that, in charity, such reasons cannot always be fully revealed. It might indeed have reflected on the words of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII that "to proceed gradually is the law of life" and that justice is to be found "not in revolution but in evolution through concord."

Or as Pope John said: "It is equally necessary, however, that they act within the framework of the principles and directives of Christian social teaching and in an attitude of loyal trust and filial obedience to ecclesiastical authority."

Without adverting to the Archbishop's reasons for not adopting Mr. Clark's recommendations, certain distortions of truth and misrepresentations contained in the article can be mentioned, *viz.:*

1. Clark implies that the Archbishop discouraged participation in the Washington march; he apparently does not know that Archbishop Krol contributed thousands of dollars to provide food and lodging for the marchers.

2. Clark implies that Negroes are strangers to the Port Richmond area. As Pastor of the Nativity parish in that area from 1936 to 1953 I can assure you that there were Negroes in that area fifty years before I became pastor. William Street divided the neighboring parishes of Nativity and St. Ann. Negroes lived on both sides of the street and were members of both parishes.

3. Clark blames the Archdiocese for halting a project on interracial justice during the Liturgical Conference. This was a national convention where program policies were dictated by others and where the Archbishop was merely a host. This charge against him is false.

4. Clark accuses Archbishop Krol of not speaking personally on racial problems. More than a thousand people who heard Archbishop Krol speak in the Church of St. Gabriel, which serves Folcroft, on March 3, can dispute this charge.

5. Clark deemphasizes the statements made by the chancellor and the auxiliary bishop with respect to Folcroft. Although he admits the former was "strong" certainly he must know that these were issued with the full approval of the Archbishop and represented his views.

6. Clark's allegations that the Folcroft community was "still harassing the Baker Family" is false. Months before Clark wrote his article, Mr. Baker in a public interview stated that his family was not being harassed.

7. Clark failed to mention that in addition to the Council President Thomas, who is a Negro, eight of twelve members of the Executive Committee opposed the letter, and that the 43 who voted in favor, were but a minority of the total membership of the Council.

8. Clark implies that the disputed letter has been ignored. It sought no answer; it was simply a protest, which came to the attention of the Archbishop, only after it came to the attention of some newspapers, and the major newspapers gave it no publicity.

Clark's article is the kind of inflammatory journalism that generates heat but not light in racial relations. For the sake of sensationalism and to satisfy a small group who failed to impose their judgment on the Archdiocese, it has defamed the memory of Cardinals Dougherty and O'Hara and maligned the reputation of Archbishop Krol. In doing so it has created a false image of the dedicated and effective work of the priests, religious and faithful of this Archdiocese in their historic expression of the virtues of charity and justice to all and regardless of any color and creed. This is the kind of irresponsible journalism that creates racial discord where none existed.

In the interest of truth, justice and charity and as a reparation for the harm that has been done, I suggest that you at least advise your readers that the article was published without investigating its accuracy and that no inquiry was made as to the facts surrounding the article. May I hope that in the future such investigation will precede publication?

Such a policy would give greater respect to the words recently spoken by Pope Paul VI referring to freedom of the press: "Information must be true and honest and faithful to the facts to fulfill its social role. No one, therefore, has the right knowingly to publish information that is erroneous or presented under a light that garbles its real meaning. Nor has anyone the right to select his information in an arbitrary way, diffusing only what follows the thrust of his opinions and passing over the rest in silence; one can sin against truth as well by calculated omissions as by inexact statements . . . "

(Rt. Rev. Msgr.) PHILIP E. DONAHUE
Vicar General
Archdiocese of Philadelphia

The Editors Reply

LET US say at the outset that an article such as Mr. Clark's always poses a problem for editors, particularly since, as Monsignor Donahue well put it, "The responsibility of any magazine is to speak the truth loudly and clearly." One problem is posed by the danger of maligning a person's reputation. In the case of Mr. Clark's article, however, there is no suggestion that the sincerity of the Archbishop is being impugned. On the contrary, Mr. Clark said that "The internal functioning of the Church in the Archdiocese testifies to good will in race relations." Mr. Clark's thesis was not that anyone is insincere but that what is required in Philadelphia is a "powerful Catholic effort," an effort which he believes to be lacking.

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There was no suggestion that nothing was being done, but rather that *not enough* was being done.

Another problem for editors concerns the accuracy of its articles. The critical question here concerns the professional competence of the author. The question we put to ourselves is *not:* do we *personally* know all the facts to be correct? Instead it is: do we have a reasonable assurance that the author knows what he is talking about? In the case of Dennis Clark there are no grounds for doubt. He is a native of Philadelphia and was educated in local Catholic schools from the elementary to the graduate level. For over a decade he has actively devoted his career to racial problems in Philadelphia. He is at present on the staff of the Philadelphia Council for Community Advancement. Over the years, he has served as Housing Director, Philadelphia Fellowship Commission; Supervisor of the Housing Division, Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations; Editor, the Interracial Review; Founding Board Member and present Board Member of the National Conference on Religion and Race. He has also been a president of the Philadelphia Chapter of the National Association of Intergroup Relations Council and a vice-president of the Catholic Housing Council of Philadelphia. He is the author of two books, *Cities in Crisis* and *The Ghetto Game,* and numerous articles on racial problems. In sum, Mr. Clark was eminently qualified to write his article. Moreover, our own prior contacts with Catholics working in racial relations in Philadelphia, letters of support from residents in Philadelphia concerning the substance of Mr. Clark's article, and earlier detailed reports on the Philadelphia situation lend full credence to Mr. Clark's report.

We do not conceive our duties toward responsible journalism as anything other than the service of truth. Freedom of the press, to be a meaningful freedom, must include the right to publish articles (and editorials) which do not simply flatter those in authority. It must include the right to take dissenting positions. Mr. Clark and THE COMMONWEAL chose to exercise that right.

THE EDITORS

The Author Replies

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: The temper of Monsignor Donahue's response to my article indicates that some tender spots have been touched. For those who do not know our area, it is the background that is important, and it is this background that would give the perspective. The historical resumé Monsignor gives sounds very much like the talk I have given many, many times to try to redress the damage done when some chairman would say: "We tried to interest the Archdiocese in participating in our meeting this evening, but were unable to do so. . . ." I would try to make the best case possible.

With respect to Msgr. Donahue's eight specifics:

1) Priests and sisters have told me that they were discouraged from joining the March on Washington. How else explain the absence from the March of Catholic Religious from the third largest city in the country?

2) There are Negroes in tiny pockets outside of our central ghetto but such pockets are shrinking. The 1960 census shows that the Port Richmond area is less than 1% non-white.

3) Whether the Archbishop or somebody else on the local scene intervened, the fact remains that a Liturgical Conference statement on the connection between liturgy and action for interracial justice was stifled.

4) Persons present when the Archbishop made his visit for Confirmations to St. Gabriel's parish have told me that the sermon given was on charity, not specifically on interracial justice.

5) Archbishop Krol asserted and re-asserted to leaders of the Catholic Inter-Group Relations Council that he was not going to issue any statement on racial problems. It was logical to conclude that statements issued while the Archbishop was in Rome did not originate with him. The auxiliary bishop stated simply that the work of Catholics in Folcroft had been frustrated and that this was unfortunate.

6) The war of nerves against the Baker family did have an uneven pattern. Incidents have recurred within the last three months. Thomas English, one of the few Catholics in the village to defend the Bakers has had to move from the area very recently because of intimidations of his family.

7) It is quite true that a majority of the Executive Committee opposed the letter to the Archbishop. Some felt the timing was wrong, not the substance. Other people had resigned from the Committee in protest before the vote was taken.

8) There is no such implication in my article.

In my article I alluded to the good will in race relations shown by integration of Catholic institutions in the Archdiocese. Of course there has been missionary and educational activity on behalf of Negroes. This has been true in both North and South. But, this same work of the Gospel has been undercut and contradicted instantly by the immense social injustices suffered by men of color. There has been success in making converts and filling schools. The failure has been in convincing people that housing, jobs and social dignity for Negroes are an indispensable part of the Christian performance.

Monsignor Donahue states that, "The thrust of Mr. Clark's article is that the Archbishop of Philadelphia has not adopted the kind of measures which Mr. Clark recommends." Not at all. I simply found it strange that Catholic officials in Philadelphia were not using the opportunities and methods that other religious leaders, Catholic and non-Catholic, were using to combat racial injustice. Fortunately, since my article appeared, Archbishop Krol has issued an excellent statement for guid-

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ance of the interracial apostolate, and appointed a Catholic Commission on Human Relations composed of good and able men. This had no doubt been planned for some time. Now, hopefully, a crucial civic vacuum will be filled. As Pope John wrote in *Pacem in Terris*, ". . . the Church has the right and duty not only to safeguard the principles of ethics and religion, but also to intervene authoritatively with her children in the temporal sphere when there is a question of judging the application of those principles to concrete cases."

I sternly reject the strange animus that Monsignor Donahue imputes to me as a distorter of truth and a defamer of departed prelates. If the Monsignor finds my article offensive, he should know that my loyalty to the Church in which I worship our God has constrained me from writing far more revealing and distressing pieces based upon my experiences in interracial work.

I and many others are aware of the struggles of bishops and archbishops with this issue. Laymen everywhere are working now to ease that burden. Reciprocally, clergymen must recognize the intense pressures affecting those in politics, police work and education, and must move with strength to aid their fellow citizens. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has noted that our democracy is not tried by revolution: "But, the crisis of the second order—the time of bitter social tension which somehow escapes the final flare-up—constitutes democracy's greatest triumph. The resources which have enabled the American Democracy to surmount such crisis in the past will be drawn on to the full in the near and shadowed future."

DENNIS CLARK

THE SCREEN

Beamish Boy

IN ONE OF Stephen Leacock's giddy parodies, the leading character jumps on his horse and rides off in all directions. So does the wacky French film that has just reached our shores: "That Man from Rio." It's been a long time since we've had an adventure-comedy quite like this movie that kids the whole genre and still manages to build up exciting suspense. One thing about "That Man from Rio," however: the audience really should be forewarned what a screwball ride it's in for.

French director Philippe De Broca, who has made several saucy off-beat comedies, starts his new picture as a straight mystery thriller. During the course of a well-staged theft of a Brazilian statuette from the Paris Musée de l'Homme, a guard is killed by a poisoned dart. We soon learn that there are only two other similar clay statuettes in existence and that the heroine's father, who had owned one of them, died mysteriously in Rio de Janeiro. Shortly after the film's hero (Jean-Paul Belmondo), a French soldier on a week's leave, arrives at the home of the heroine (Françoise Dorleac), the vacation-hungry young man is startled to see his sometimes fiancée whisked away by kidnappers, the same dark-skinned men who stole the statuette. So far, so good—but certainly not very funny.

Then suddenly director De Broca and his cast kick up their heels and start on a merry romp. They still follow a plot (if that's what this hopped-up mess of intrigue thought up by four scriptwriters can be called), but the hero and heroine are so delightfully daffy that the viewer can hardly take their perils seriously. Belmondo jumps on a stolen motorcycle, pursues the girl and her kidnappers to the Paris airport, steals a ride on the plane they're taking to Brazil. And the chase is on in a big way—throughout Rio, Brasilia, and into deep jungle. The story gets more and more preposterous as the villain gets more villainous and his thugs more thuggish—while the hero gets more daring in his fisticuffs and more reckless on the roof of a Brasilia tower, all in his efforts to save his lady fair. Lovely Françoise Dorleac is by no means a wilting lady, but she is an attractive high-spirited gal who bounces from one escapade to the next with relish. And pug-faced Belmondo, putting his prize-fighter training and athletic prowess to good use, swings from buildings and trees with the grace of a Tarzan and a resilient Douglas Fairbanks, although the violence is overdone at times.

Adding to the thrills and off-beat humor of "That Man from Rio" are stunning color shots of Paris and Rio and Brasilia (much of which may come as a surprise to some viewers). The whole film, except for the finale which is planted in the first scene, is a pleasant surprise. One almost expects the subtitles to read "Continued in Our Next" at the climax of each cliff-hanging episode in the manner of the old Pearl White or Ruth Roland serials. But De Broca is too blasé for anything like that.

ITALIAN film-makers didn't do as well by us this week as the French—at least in two new imports that go out of their way to show how decadent modern society has become. "Crazy Desire," filmed on location in a Mediterranean resort region between Naples and Rome, concentrates on irresponsible youth especially as seen through the eyes of a fortyish engineer who falls for a sixteen-year-old girl. Since there is no fool like an old fool, or a middle-aged fool, this engineer, who is a square and a rather stuffy, conceited show-off at that, becomes an easy prey for the gang of teenagers who are shacked up in a cottage with the girl and make the most of their opportunity to victimize this easily-shocked man who tries to compete with their shocking behavior. Because he is in deadly earnest in his infatuation for the girl, and most of what these delinquents do is half in amoral fun, he looks more foolish than ever.

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Ugo Tognazzi, who had a somewhat similar role as the worn-out husband in "The Conjugal Bed," plays the role of the smitten engineer convincingly enough, but the unpleasant fellow is so pompous and so impressed with his own importance, which is slight, that he fails to win much audience sympathy even when the mocking teenagers give him the rough treatment. Catherine Spaak, current toast of young Italian moviegoers, turns on all her charms and has no difficulty luring the engineer; and her teenage playmates, most of whom look older but behave wantonly as if their only interest is in fun and games, make him the butt of their jokes. Obviously there is a moral in all this, and director Luciano Salce could have put it over if he hadn't been so sensational on the way. "Crazy Desire" revels repetitiously in one orgy after the other. Maybe it should have been called "I Was a Teenage Libertine."

ANOTHER Italian way-of-all-flesh (actually an Italian-French co-production with an international cast) is "Disorder." Modelled somewhat after "La Dolce Vita," with a job-hunting bartender instead of a reporter as the link between episodes, this film attempts to show what a mess people get themselves into. What with its confused and contrived plot, however, and its pretentious film-making, it doesn't really show anything—and is only mildly entertaining. More's the pity, because director Franco Brusati, who also had a hand in the script, tried to do something interesting and had an outstanding cast.

Renato Salvatori plays the embittered job-hunter whose sick mother is in a charity ward and whose contacts with high society are pretty disillusioning. When he takes a job for a big party in a baronial villa on the outskirts of Milan, he hopes the master of the house will notice him and advance him; but the master (Curt Jurgens) is dying and leaving his wife (Alida Valli), daughter (Susan Strasberg), and son (Samy Frey) in a state of psychological confusion. In the next episode, Jean Sorel and Antonella Lualdi portray a husband and wife who realize their marriage is on the rocks and sex isn't enough to hold them together. Then Jean is shocked to discover that their good friend (Louis Jourdan) is a homosexual who has been waiting all evening for a certain young man—the same man (Tomas Milian) who refused to give jobless Renato a handout. In the final episode, designed to restore Renato's faith in men in spite of their foolish behavior, Renato gets more than a handout—a real windfall from, of all people, a priest (Georges Wilson) who isn't a priest at all but continues to dress like one ever since he was dismissed during his seminary days; and now in his misguided way, this man tries to help the downtrodden, prostitutes, degenerates, the misfits, the desperate. No doubt, "Disorder" has the germ of an idea here somewhere. But whatever it is doesn't come through. The film is as disordered as its title. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"A Pious Disaster"

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: It is hard not to agree with John Leo's definition of the Vatican Pavilion at the World's Fair as "A Pious Disaster [May 15]," but there is an aspect of this particular disaster which makes it even worse and which, I am afraid, was not mentioned.

Mixed in among all the Forest Lawn hodgepodge of the Pieta and the exhibits is the work of some truly creative and brilliant artists, e.g., Sister Mary Corita, Norman Laliberte, Emil Antonucci, and a few others. Of course, it's hard to find it among all the hoohaw and the frantic rush to the entrance and exit of the Blue Grotto where the Pieta is entombed, but it is, nevertheless, there for the resourceful and observant visitor to enjoy. I am speaking in particular of the children's exhibit—certainly one of the most delightful and beautiful exhibits of the entire Fair, and the magnificent banners, which are, admittedly, hard to see for all the jumble of the souvenir shop beneath them (way beneath them!) and the Jesse Tree sculptural wall and the mural of the beatitudes. Any one or all of these artists could have produced a display which would have been an artistic and religious triumph and would have shown a side of the Church and church art in this country which few people are aware of, fewer approve of, but none can ignore for much longer. The mere fact that the work of these people appears in the pavilion indicates that they were at the disposal of the major decision makers—whoever those unhappy people might have been—and that they could have, if asked, or allowed, really given us something to rejoice over. As it is, they are given no credit, and the general policy seems to be to ignore the presence of their work as a bad joke.

I asked three different officials at the pavilion who made the banners before I could get an answer, and then it was an unenthusiastic and unenlightening one at best, and there was practically armed warfare between me and the souvenir counter dealer when I tried to buy one of the miniature flags reproduced from the children's exhibit and one of the gorgeous purple and black shopping bags.

The reason this concerns me so is because it was obvious in my several visits to the pavilion that I was not alone in my appreciation of these beautiful things. From the comments and attention of other visitors it was evident that there was a delighted astonishment to find these things and a desire not only to see more like this but to be able to take some of it home in the form of pictures or books. None of this is available however (except for the flags and shopping bags mentioned above) and what is, is sold reluctantly, com-

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pared to the gusto with which the miniature Pietas are hawked.

The whole point of exhibit design is to present an idea via visual means and this more often than not is done via artistic images rather than verbal ones. I am not sure that many people took the care which Mr. Leo did to read the excerpts from the encyclicals and other propaganda in the exhibit, but I am sure that they all saw the pictures. All the best exhibits at the fair capitalize on this idea and the Vatican might have too. As far as instruction is concerned, there was ample opportunity for that too, in other ways. Why, for instance, was it not possible to buy a copy of *Pacem in Terris* at the souvenir counter. rather than *The Story of the Pieta*? Why, in fact, is *Pacem in Terris* not being given away at the door? Surely in the millions that must have been spent, a few giveaways might have been possible.

In a way though, Artistic Irony has triumphed. For over the center cash register at the souvenir counter hangs a banner, which proclaims "My house is a house of prayer, and you have made it a den of thieves." It hangs there, that is, if it has not yet been hauled down to make room for a blown up photograph of St. Peter's square at sundown, or something. NANINE BILSKI

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I confess that I am in something of a quandary after reading John Leo's "A Pious Disaster." Basically I agree that the principal deficiencies of the Vatican Pavilion are its neglect of ecumenism and almost total lack of reference to the role of the layman in the Church. But I fear that Mr. Leo's tower is even more ivory than the clergy's.

This is not just an idle response from a comfortable armchair. With some distaste and hesitation, I recently undertook a twelve-hour stand at the Catholic information booth at the pavilion, and had a chance to test the effect of the display.

Reactions were interesting: a fifteen-minute conversation with a Jewish gentleman of some years who realized for the first time the link Catholics find between the Old Testament and the New; the remarks of several Protestants through the day who were pleased to find a certain levity, exhilaration, brightness, where they expected medieval gloom; the impact on a few fallen-and-almost-out Catholics whose visit to the pavilion sparked a new interest; even two numismatists who were ecstatic about the chance to see the Cardinal's collection, and didn't much care if it stood under a Sistine reproduction during a movie showing.

Call these sentiments bourgeois, if you like; call the pavilion caviar—or maybe smorgasbord—to the general. I suppose what I am trying to say is that the pavilion may not be all that it could have been in some ideal world. But it *is* there, and seems to make an impact for good. . . .

Art, if it is to be human, cannot divorce itself totally from mankind or from the point of cultural development of its surroundings. There is, I think you will grant, some danger of liturgists attracting pseudo-liturgists, of intellectuals attracting dilettantes, or, saving that, of talking only to one another. At a time when we are gradually coming to dialogue, to Christian personalism, to a theology of freedom and free expression in the Church, let's not make these values as remote as scholastic theology from the average working Catholic. Neo-neo-scholasticism can make cowards of us all.

I would much regret it if some, unaware of Mr. Leo's great service to Catholic journalism, were to turn his words to serve a snobbish disdain. The cocktail-party armory is well furnished with phrases like "D.A.R. convention," "awash in flickering slides," "medieval knick-knacks and fatuous slogans," "hermetically sealed," "spun past it on conveyor belts," etc. The moving belts, after all, move quite slowly; one of them is stationary and allows you to stay a while; sixteen feet is probably less than the length of your living room. . . .

As I write these words I am struck by the irony of the situation; the day before I went to the fair I might have written much the same column as Mr. Leo. The morning after, I find myself a little upset by it. True, the pavilion is not a St. John's Abbey; then again, it's not a miniature replica of St. Peter's. God save the mark, boys, maybe Bob Moses is right. *(Rev.)* DONALD F. PUGLIESE, S.J.

The Imperfect Eye

I saw tonight that he is on my side,
the lion. For the first time, I saw it.
And by God all the furniture got up

and danced (that hulking desk
a creditable tango) and I, though not much
on my feet, waltzed through Judah

like a Crazy-priest. Sometimes joy
is like that, coming quick as dandelions
springing to attention while the sun

shudders still—a little—from the melting
winter. Anyway here I was with lions
to account for and that desk

and questionable antics all along
(indignities of sun and dandelions
while our bones still creak with Lent)

and I thought God, what now, until
again I heard the music of the dance
again I waltzed through Judah.

'I something fear my father's wrath' no more.

JOHN L'HEUREUX

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How Anti-Semitism Found a Home in Christian Teaching

The Teaching of Contempt: The Christian Roots of Anti-Semitism. By Jules Isaac. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

by Gregory Baum

THIS IS the first book in English by a famous author. Jules Isaac is a French historian of national reputation who acquired international fame through his studies on the origin of anti-Semitism and his personal engagement in the bettering of Jewish-Christian relations. Himself a Jew, Jules Isaac was made to suffer during World War II from the irrational forces of anti-Semitism. In his first book on these questions, *Jésus et Israel,* which stirred France in 1948, he analyzed the books of the New Testament to show that the anti-Jewish trend in Christian preaching through the ages has no real biblical justification. He came to the conclusion, nonetheless, that certain sections of the New Testament had been formulated in an anti-Jewish spirit, such as the insistence that the Jews of Jerusalem, and not the Romans, bore the principal guilt for the Crucifixion. This book has never been translated into English.

Jules Isaac's *Teaching of Contempt* is a much shorter work summarizing some of the conclusions arrived at in his long study *Jésus et Israel.* The author believes that one of the main causes of the constant anti-Semitism found in the Christian world is the preaching of the Gospel. He believes that Christian preaching has, almost from the beginning, spread a contempt for the Jewish people and used the vilification of the Jews as a means to protect the faithful from the influence of the Synagogue. The author illustrates the anti-Jewish trend of Christian teaching by analyzing three main themes spreading contempt: 1) the dispersion of the Jews is presented as a providential punishment for the Crucifixion, 2) Jewish religion at the time of Jesus is presented as degenerate and devoid of spiritual aspirations, and 3) the Jews are charged with the crime of deicide.

The author finds it easy to gather quotations from ancient and modern authors proving the existence of these three themes in Christian teaching. He is also able to show from the Scriptures and from authoritative voices in the Church that these themes are contrary to the truth.

The book is well written, brief and clear and it addresses itself to a wide audience. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read, especially by preachers and teachers in the Christian Church.

A real shortcoming of *The Teaching of Contempt* is that Jules Isaac links the question of whether the Jews can be called a deicide people to the respective roles which Jews and Romans played in the Crucifixion. This is confusing. Even if all the men responsible for the death of Jesus had been Jews, this would be no justification for regarding as deicide the whole Jewish people of that day, let alone of later generations. Moreover, even the personal crime of the men involved in the Crucifixion was not formally deicide, since they did not believe that He whom they unjustly condemned was the Son of God. This, at least, was the interpretation of the Apostles (cf. Acts 3:17, 13:27, and 1 Cor 2:8). Accusing the Jews of deicide is absurd and untrue, and this is quite independent of the discussion about the roles of Jews and Romans in the Crucifixion. From the theological point of view, the share of the responsible Jews is here much greater, since all the events of our salvation took place *within* Israel: Jesus and his followers were as much Jews as were his principal opponents. On a plane deeper than the historical, we may add, all men, all of us, are guilty of the suffering of Jesus through our sins.

The three themes of contempt outlined in Jules Isaac's book do not exhaust the themes in Christian teaching through which contempt has been spread against the Jews. The most vicious theme, often accompanying the accusation of deicide, is the legend that the Jews are a people accursed because of their unbelief and that they are a living sign of God's vengeance in the world.

Some readers may find it difficult to believe that these anti-Jewish tendencies in Christian teaching are really widespread. We are in fact so used to them that we hardly become fully aware of them. A startling example is Angelo Alberti's *Le Message des Evangiles,* a translation from the Italian, published in French in 1961, with a preface by Pope Paul written in 1956 when he was still Archbishop of Milan. The book abounds in anti-Semitic interpretations of the New Testament. We read for instance: "God shall reserve his malediction for them and their race shall be forever wandering on this earth. To Jesus, the triumph by the work of the Holy Spirit; to them, the troubled and interminable path of 'the wandering Jew'!" (p. 451). Or another sentence: "Like the demon they shall walk through this world in full confusion, and they shall be reduced to a people of businessmen" (p. 451). All this as commentary on the Word of God!

The Teaching of Contempt will convince the reader of the great significance of the famous chapter 4 on the Church's relationship to the Jews proposed for the Vatican Council. According to the official press release of the Secretariat of Christian Unity on November 8, 1963, the chapter not only spells out the deep bond linking the Church to the Jewish people, but also makes clear that the guilt involved in the Crucifixion cannot be put to the charge of the whole Jewish people, that it is unjust to call the Jews a deicide or accursed race, and that we have St. Paul's assurance in his letter to the Romans that God has not rejected the people whom he had chosen. The chapter, according to the same press release, admonishes preachers and catechists never to present the sacred events of the Bible, especially the Crucifixion, in a way that could give rise to contempt or hatred for the Jewish people.

It is well known from the press that this chapter on the Jews was criti-

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cized by a number of bishops. There were bishops from the Arab world who feared that the chapter might be interpreted by Arab governments as a political gesture in favor of the State of Israel or be exploited politically by the Israeli government. Some bishops from Africa and Asia felt that the Jewish question was a purely Western problem, meaningless in their own countries where non-biblical religions formed the daily environment of Christians.

Yet the Church's relationship to the Jews is taken from the center of her revealed doctrine. It cannot be bypassed. *The Teaching of Contempt* gives witness to this. While our attitude to other, non-biblical religions must become deeper, more charitable, more conscious that God is at work in the hearts of all men, it can never be compared with the Church's relation to the people of the Old Covenant. This relationship is not made by man but by God himself in electing Israel to a unique position in the history of universal salvation. However embarrassing some people may find it and however inconvenient it may be in some situations, the Church will always joyfully profess that the whole world has been redeemed by the Jew Jesus Christ.

G.O.P. Crisis

Order of Battle: A Republican's Call to Reason. By Jacob K. Javits. Atheneum. $5.95.

by Walter Dean Burnham

SENATOR Jacob K. Javits is regarded by many as one of the leading split political personalities of our time. A successful contestant in the struggle on the urban frontier, a legislator with a voting record as liberal as many a Northern Democrat's, Javits is nevertheless a Republican and proud of it. He has given us in *Order of Battle* a tract for the times, a book which is both a political *apologia pro vita sua* and a call to his party colleagues to return to the G.O.P.'s great liberal-national tradition. This book also has a more immediate, though not explicitly avowed purpose; to demonstrate why the Republican Party should not nominate Barry Goldwater for President this July.

Javits' discussion of his own political development provides an excellent example of the process by which the shortcomings of the pre-New Deal Democratic Party alienated many potential leadership elements in the industrial states, eased their path into the Republican Party and thus reinforced that party's overwhelming predominance. Becoming politically conscious around 1918—during the heyday of the 1896 alignment—Javits was repelled both by the national Democratic Party's obsolescent agrarian Southernism and by the practices of the locally dominant Tammany machine.

The Senator was born into a slum on Manhattan's Lower East Side. He early became acquainted both with the perennial anxieties of poverty and the overwhelming urban fact of human interdependence. His critique of the Wilson Administration reflects both aspects of this background. Rigidly adhering to *laissez-faire* economic views, the Democratic administration decontrolled the entire economy immediately after the 1918 Armistice and thus precipitated the severe 1920-21 depression. The party in power also unforgettably demonstrated its nativist hostility to the civil liberties of minorities—especially ethnic minorities. The Palmer Raids and the 1924 Democratic convention's failure to condemn the Ku Klux Klan are still living memories for Senator Javits; so too are the personal effects of the post-war depression on his family. Of course personal experience is a sometime thing: those who grew to political maturity after World War II have strikingly similar memories which are primarily—and not accidentally—associated with the Senator's own party.

The author's whole outlook on domestic issues is also closely linked to the impression which these early experiences left upon him. He believes wholeheartedly that the federal government has an indispensable positive role to play in promoting the general economic and social welfare. He argues trenchantly against such *laissez-faire* notions of political economy as the insistence on a balanced budget at all times short of war, the view that government automatically spends only in order to waste, and the view that economic laws are somehow divine commands. Javits insists further that concern for the general welfare of the nation requires positive federal action in such areas as education (where he can turn for support to the late Senator Taft), medical care for the aged, public housing and above all, civil rights.

Most of the arguments which *Order of Battle* makes on domestic issues seem unexceptionable, if not axiomatic, to anyone not caught up in the current struggle for the Republican Party's soul. They are buttressed by Javit's accurate insistence that they form part of an authentically Republican tradition which goes back to such nationally-oriented statesmen as Hamilton, Clay, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. But tradition, like personal experience, can easily be put to uses which lead to the goals we desire. The fact is that the tradition upon which Senator Javits relies has not really been a part of the mainstream of Republican thinking or voting since the Roosevelt Progressives, by bolting the G.O.P. in 1912, turned its organizational machinery over to its right wing.

President Eisenhower—whom the Senator most unconvincingly tries to place in the liberal-national tradition—has made it clear that he accepts each of Javits' five "misconceptions" about government and the economic order as abiding truths. Even so, Eisenhower has probably been slightly left of the G.O.P.'s center during the past decade. Javits, looking at the vote on a welfare bill before the Senate, observes that "only 5 out of 36 Republicans supported a bill which was so thoroughly faithful to Republican tradition." The outside observer is likely to reply by asking if the tradition referred to has not pretty much died out as a matter of political fact. He will then ask himself why this has happened.

The answer lies in the nature of the mass clienteles of both political parties, and in their divergent reactions to the incessant pressures toward technologically-conditioned change and the nationalization of economic and political life in America today. The New Deal realignment

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launched the process by which most of the elements in American society which can most easily accept and adapt to these changes have become identified with the Democratic Party.

Similarly the post-1932 mass base of the G.O.P. has contained a disproportionately large component of physically insecure elements—*nouveaux riches*, especially in the South and West, who are afraid that "they" will "take it away;" insecure middle classes, caught in a vise between big business and big labor, and now threatened by automation with technological obsolescence; small-town white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, increasingly culturally alienated from the metropolitan Establishment.

This component is not only large; it seems to be growing both in numbers and in the intensity of its estrangement from 20th-century complexity. The processes of economic development and the Negro revolt have now given the Republican Party a significant Southern wing for the first time since Reconstruction, and its influence on the party is already making itself felt. At the moment, Barry Goldwater is the prophet of this gathering revolt of the "dispossessed" of our generation. Senator Javits, whose background and human sensitivity make it possible for him to be at home in this complex world, is not even in the running.

It is by an instinct more profound than any process of reasoning, therefore, that the large majority of Republicans are flatly opposed to the things for which Javits stands. Neither political party bears too much resemblance to those which he knew in his youth. As the slow drift toward party realignment continues, the base for a latter-day Progressivism within the national Republican Party seems steadily to be narrowing. Faced with what he regards as the clear and present danger that Goldwater will win the Republican nomination this year, Javits himself has felt compelled to issue a warning that he cannot support such a nominee. He recognizes far more clearly than most of his colleagues that a Goldwater nomination would produce a radical political realignment which would place him and other Republican liberals in an impossible position.

A great deal of the theoretical discussion of party realignment—including Javits' rejection of the idea—tends to operate in a vacuum. Realignment is not the product of intellectual speculation. It periodically recurs in our polity when social forces clamoring for political expression can no longer be contained within the old party framework of compromise and avoidance of emergent issues. Such a time appears almost at hand. Whether or not the candidate is Goldwater or the year this year, the breakthrough seems destined to take place within the Republican party in the not distant future.

Valuable a public servant as Javits is, and well-argued as *Order of Battle* is, neither individuals nor election-year manifestoes will be very likely to have much influence on the final outcome. Even so, what Senator Javits has to say in this book is well worth saying. It would be more than a pity if the time ever came when it could not be said within either of our two political parties.

Role of the Will

Will in Western Thought. By Vernon J. Bourke. Sheed and Ward. $5.

by John F. Boler

IF YOU have never been involved in the complexities of philosophical theories of the will, this little book is a pleasant way to get your neck wet—its deceptively clear style will have led you far beyond your depth before you realize it. Having done the groundwork for a detailed history of will theories in Western philosophy, Professor Burke discarded his original project (not so much for fear of its size as out of concern for its usefulness) and extracted instead eight distinctive views that characterize philosophical (or at least non-literary) discussions of will in Western thought. For the sake of a manageable perspective, much of the context of each thory had to be omitted, and there is no point in minimizing the burden this puts upon the reader; but for those who have or are willing to work at this background, the results are worth the extra effort.

The eight views are: will as intellectual preference, rational appetite, freedom, dynamic power, heart or affection, the will of the people, will as source of law and will as reality. The philosophers who fall into one or more of these categories require an index that would nearly serve a one-volume history of Western philosophy. A discussion of certain psychological schools (the weakest part of the book) is thrown in for good measure; and, finally, Professor Bourke constructs a "core-meaning" of will for which he claims no more than propaedeutic value.

We are warned that the eight characterizations are not mutually exclusive; for it is suspicious—though not necessarily inaccurate—for theories that surely seemed "simple" to the philosophers concerned to be scattered throughout a classification. It is equally important, I think, to recognize that the categories are not commensurate. The first three seem to represent kinds of philosophically developed theories of will. The others range over attitudes, presuppositions (or implicit theories), specialized (and in some instances non-philosophic) issues, and even kinds of "metaphysics." Even the distinction of the first three positions is not an easy one to make in practice: when the intellectualist allows some conation to intellect, and the voluntarist some cognitive character to will, and the proponent of "rational appetite" finds the act to be a combination of intellect and will, it is clear at least that the actual divergence of opinion can get rather subtle.

Such are, of course, the difficulties that beset "an essay in historical semantics," and Professor Bourke is aware of the possibility and value of other approaches. That his choice of approach was a wise one is proved, not by his having provided some sort of unified "solution," but in his having exposed the tangle that has grown up around the notion of the will. In an area that is unfortunately but customarily neglected, even by the better histories of philosophy, this is an invaluable contribution.

By the way, the symbolism of the dust jacket suggests that the history of philosophy is a matter of having come close without ever really hitting the mark. While both attractive

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and amusing, it does not quite do justice to the attitude displayed in Professor Bourke's own analysis.

Pedro's World

Pedro Martínez. By Oscar Lewis. Random House. $8.75.

by John P. Sisk

IN THIS big, handsome and splendidly illustrated book, Professor Lewis does for a Mexican village what in *The Children of Sanchez* he did for an urban slum. His *Pedro Martínez* is the tape-recorded story of an Aztec peasant and his family. It is told mainly by Pedro, whose account is supplemented by the reminiscences of his wife, Esperanza, and his oldest son, Felipe. The author contributes background material on the family and village as well as a glossary of terms and a useful synchronic record of major events in the history of family, village and nation.

Pedro is born before the turn of the century into an ancient highland village with a culture predominantly Indian, familial and agrarian. It is a world in which most men "are like dead ideas. . . . At dawn, when God awakes, [they] go to the fields, and from the fields, back to supper, and from supper to bed . . . and that is all." He is an orphan at three months and is raised by his grandmother and half sister until his wayward mother is able to take him again. Handicapped by poverty, family instability and his Nahuatl language, he gets less than one year of schooling. He works hard as a peon on the haciendas, gets his small plot of land and builds a one-room house on it. At twenty-one, having had enough of adolescent carousing, he chooses a wife from a list of five eligible candidates and goes to work as a tiller of rocky, unused land.

Shortly after this, the first violent wave of the Revolution washes over the village and the marginal life of the peasant becomes even more desperate. Pedro joins Zapata's army but soon deserts, having discovered that he lacked "the kind of character suited to the Revolution." The Revolution, however, is the crucial event in his life; it gives him a chance to be more than "a chunk of meat with eyes." He gets caught up in community projects and enters village politics; he becomes a major-domo, a regidor, a councilman, a judge, even an amateur lawyer. He is several times jailed and several times forced to flee town, once to Mexico City where he works as an ice cream vendor, and suffers social ostracism when he is converted to Seventh-Day Adventism.

Throughout, Pedro remains a semiliterate peasant, always embattled with the marginal land in an effort to feed, clothe and educate his large family, always poor and always on the verge of becoming disastrously poorer. As a high official says of him, "He is no ordinary peasant," yet things turn out badly. His wife dies, his relations with his sons deteriorate ("Not a one of my sons has inherited my character!"), the family unit breaks up. In his old age he is alone, unable even to walk to the fields, aware that the world he knows is breaking up all around him, disillusioned with Adventism and with the Revolution. "At one time," he says, "I believed in a lot of things . . . now I believe in nothing." They offer him the position of police chief, but to a man who has been sindico and regidor that is nothing, and he tells them: "What I once was, I was. That's all over now."

The general movement of the story is chronological, with some inevitable overlapping when Esperanza and Felipe are narrators. Relatively little space is allotted to these two, yet their episodes are of the greatest importance in the strategy of the book. Pedro is that indispensable figure—the man who, because extraordinary things happen to him, can be meaningful to those doomed to the ordinary. Nevertheless, he cannot carry 450 pages of story. Even with the occasional shifts in point of view one finds himself at times suffocated in Pedro's confined world and bored with the relatively unstructured detail of his recollections.

The understated style of Pedro's violent and action-packed life is a prime obstacle for the reader, who must accustom himself to seeing potentially tragic and dramatic moments go unexploited. Professor Lewis concedes that the full impact of the story "builds up slowly from the sheer quantity of data" rather than from any feelings expressed by Pedro. No doubt this characteristic of the book will lead some critics to repeat what they have already said about *The Children of Sanchez:* that the anthropologist with tape recorder will never replace the novelist.

But it would be a mistake to judge the author as if he were trying to compete with the novelist. As a matter of fact, there are clear signs that he has tried hard and successfully not to be a novelist. He wishes "to convey to the reader what it means to be a peasant in a nation undergoing rapid cultural change: how peasants feel, how they think, and how they express themselves." To do this with first-person peasant narrators obviously requires a great deal of novelistic editing and organizing, but it requires also a disciplined determination not to exploit the sheer story potential of the material. The anthropologist, unlike the novelist, must be willing to run the risk of boring the reader.

Nevertheless, his book has great power. In the end we know what it means to be a peasant in Pedro's brutal, illiterate and poverty-stricken world—a world in which, Professor Lewis reminds us, lives a large portion of the 200 million Latin Americans who must be reached if programs of social and economic improvement are to succeed. Pedro the extraordinary man helps us see the extent to which the struggle out of poverty and brutality is the painful and bewildering struggle of the individual to tear himself loose from the thralldom of crude nature and to become a self-aware individual. And if the struggle is too much for Pedro, there is still the possibility that it will be easier for those who follow. "Your children, those of them who are smart," he tells his grandson, "will step up a little higher on the ladder."

What Pedro does not see is the ironic relation between such stepping up and his own disillusion and frustration. His fate is to get caught between two worlds: the primitive

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Aztec world that frees the individual from much of the burden of controlling his fate, and a strange new order, the revolutionary forces of which operate to separate him from his ancient security. The extent to which that security was the security of a prison may become clear to his grandson but it is not clear to Pedro; therefore he takes the disintegration of the old order as an indication of the failure of the new. It seems to him that liberation and simplicity should go together; instead, since the Revolution he has "more freedom but life is more difficult." To the extent that he has seen and been dismayed by this paradox he is already a modern man.

135,000 Dead

The Destruction of Dresden. By David Irving. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.95.

by James W. Douglass

IN HIS memoirs Winston Churchill devotes one sentence to the destruction of Dresden: "We made a heavy raid in the latter month [February, 1945] on Dresden, then a centre of communications of Germany's Eastern front."

David Irving has given a concisely written 250 pages to the same event and is more concrete: The Prime Minister ordered the city's destruction as a dramatic demonstration of Western power in the face of the Russians' closing Eastern offensive. At the time Dresden was jammed with well over a million civilians, twice its normal population as the result of a huge inflow of refugees. The city was so completely devoid of first-order industrial, strategic or military targets that the Germans had left it undefended. The Allied attack, a triple blow over a fourteen-hour period by 2,750 British and American bombers, killed 135,000 people, almost twice the toll at Hiroshima, and left 400,000 homeless. By concentrating on the city's residential areas the raid accomplished almost nothing militarily. On the other hand, it left so many dead that to prevent plague the corpses had to be stacked in great funeral pyres of four or five hundred victims and burned in the streets.

Such details are not inspiring to read and perhaps the Prime Minister can be forgiven his reticence regarding the "heavy raid." But for those concerned about future Dresdens there is much to contemplate in this World War II massacre.

There is first of all the British command's performance before and after the event, reflected accurately by Churchill's two-line summary. Its principal component was deception, not so much of the enemy as deception of the aircrews chosen to execute the German populace and, later, deception of the public as to the nature and extent of the bombing done. Thus the crews were variously informed beforehand that their target was "the German Army Headquarters," "a fortress city," "one of the main supply centres for the Eastern front," "a Gestapo Headquarters," "a vital ammunition works," "a large poison gas plant," etc. As Irving notes dryly, "the local briefing officers seem to have drawn heavily on their imagination."

One intelligence officer made the mistake of briefing his squadron truthfully about the nature of the target, suggesting that the object of the attack was to kill as many refugees as possible. The group's response to this murderous news is a lesson in the kind of moral resistance that military subordinates can be counted on to take when ordered to kill the innocent. The bomber crews voted unanimously to show their disapproval of the mission by co-operating *only* to the letter of their orders, i.e., they omitted their usual added practice of dropping bits of concrete, steel, and old bottles on enemy villages and towns as they passed over. Somehow this act of renunciation strikes one as falling short of the demands of conscience.

The Air Ministry's treatment of the public after the attack was also less than honest. In their bulletins great emphasis was placed on Dresden's value as a railway center. (The city's railway lines were so little damaged by the population-directed assault that they were handling the normal flow of traffic three days later.) Similar stress was laid on the industrial installations of the city, giving them a strategic importance previously unknown to the Ministry's intelligence staff. Even General Eisenhower had to be reassured in a cryptic message by the commander of the American Dresden forces that the city had been a truly military objective. Finally, and especially in the cold-war years that followed, it became the custom of information services to imply that the Russians had requested the raid. (They had in fact simply been informed of an Allied intention to bomb the railway yards at Dresden.)

With careful understatement Irving pinpoints each of these culpable evasions and leaves all judgment to the reader. Yet the point seems to have been lost on the two men selected to write the introduction and foreword to the book. The first is intent upon conscience-soothing comparisons between the total Allied casualties in the War (5,000,000) as against the only 135,000 German lives taken at Dresden. The second, while confessing that he still doesn't fully understand why it happened, points out nevertheless that higher orders must be obeyed and that accidents will happen in war. It comes as little surprise that one of these men served as the U. S. Commander of the Eighth Air Force in England, while the other is the British Air Marshal who gave the immediate order to attack Dresden.

What then is the meaning of Dresden if one can escape the official hypocrisies and evasions? Or is the pursuit of meaning here only the more subtle hypocrisy of moralizing our way out of the carnage and stench of our own crime? Still it may be possible to salvage something with honesty if we can remember the simple facts, first, that Dresden happened, and second, that in this case "we," and not "they," did it.

There is the final threatening question of future Dresdens. How possible are they? The answer would depend on the amount of faith we choose to place in the present occupants of the War Room. The men over the buttons have assured us that an enemy society—the equivalent of several hundred Dresdens—will be destroyed only if we are "driven to it." If all goes well, we may even hold down the number to a few odd

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city-murders. Given the technical problems of nuclear war, that would be a high form of success. But within a different perspective it might be something more disturbing.

System-Building

The Spire. By William Golding. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

VISITING the English cathedrals instilled in me certain romantic notions of how American churches ought to be built—mainly by the people of the parish, and this by hand, in a thoroughly liturgical work comprised of love and sweat. Indeed, I was thoroughly convinced that medieval cathedrals had been built in this loving mode and manner of work.

Now comes William Golding, not only to set one's romantic notions all awry, but to construct a novel of equally realistic proportions. Realistic is the word to begin with, since so many professional reviewers are certain to prop this book with buttresses it doesn't really require. For underneath the superstructure of symbolism, which may be excessive only to excessively ingrained attitudes, William Golding has done an astonishing job of homework on the construction of the medieval cathedral—to say nothing of the social energies and agonies which created it.

In the beginning, however, there was the sunburst of Dean Jocelin's vision, as he held an eighteen-inch model spire before him: "He was laughing, chin up, and shaking his head. God the Father was exploding in his face with a glory of sunlight through painted glass, a glory that moved with his movements to consume and exalt Abraham and Isaac and then God again. The tears of laughter in his eyes made additional spokes and wheels and rainbows." In this emotional genesis *The Spire* and Dean Jocelin receive that individuation of the psyche which will characterize and control the novel to its very end.

But a great agony is paid for so much glory of vision. Nevertheless, as clearly and as irrevocably as an Aquinas premise, the metaphysics of Gold-

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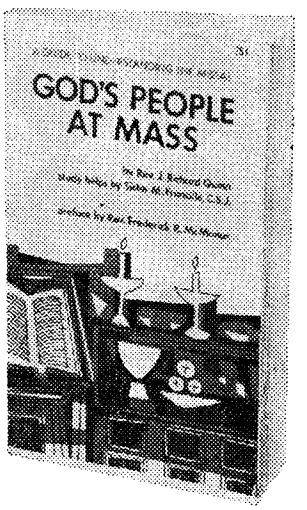

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"THERE IS *no question but that the historic Christian faith does not have the hold on people that one might wish. But the solution is not to demolish the faith, so that there will be nothing to which twentieth-century man can object, but to recognize, with Professor Walter Thorson of M.I.T., that 'If historic Christianity is in conflict with the twentieth century, something is wrong with the twentieth century'.*"

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ing's morality play arises from the fact of the here-and-now reality of the world. The cathedrals of Europe were not built by members of a medieval Holy Name Society sustained, in their spare time, by jugs of wine lugged to the scene by ladies of this or that sodality. They were built by "armies" of laborers and tradesmen who traveled from one cathedral job to the next. In *The Spire* the labor force is consistently called the army; but it is, in any sense, a thoroughly disorganized and disreputable army, seething with that Dionysian restiveness which was once the mortal fear of Egyptian kings and Russian czars.

It is also the fear to which Dean Jocelin is the constant goad. But in Jocelin's case, the social conscience is not only deficient—it is quite displaced by his obsession to erect the 400-foot spire atop the Church of the Virgin Mary. He prods, harangues, and entreats his master builder, Roger Mason, to this literal end. As in the beginning, reality is all. How can the "singing" columns support such a spire, when the darkness of nature and human nature swirl all about in the bottom of the pit below? How can you put a pinnacle on a swamp?

As the struggle increases between the reality of what cannot be done and the unreality of what will be done, Golding's novel becomes doubtlessly enriched—and, perhaps, sometimes vitiated—by a variety of possibilities in the symbolic order as well as by frequent associations in the literary tradition. Several commentators have already pointed out similarities with Ibsen's *Brand* and *The Master Builder* and Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, etc.—but I came, myself, to an analog so seemingly unlikely that I felt at first compelled to discard it: *Moby Dick*, no less, and the mind of Melville in particular.

Jocelin and Ahab, almost in precisely the same way, are absolutists of the human spirit. Details of the whaling industry, which any number of professional readers have taken to be a checklist in bric-a-brac, serve much the same purpose in establishing reality, per se, to a world about to be dislodged from itself. And, very clearly indeed, Roger Mason is Starbuck to Jocelin's Ahab.

Repeatedly, the master builder implores Jocelin to stop this mad erection of the spire (Golding was dissuaded by his English publisher from using as title, *The Erection*, for this book), and these are scenes of the most poignant agony for both men. They strongly recall the "Symphony" chapter in *Moby Dick*—and where Ahab used the image of haying in the Andes to evoke both sympathy and I-Thouness with Starbuck, Jocelin uses the image of the mayfly and the raven, etc.

At last, with superb sophistry, he likens the building to "a diagram of prayer; and our spire will be a diagram of the highest prayer of all. God revealed it to me in a vision, His unprofitable servant. He chose me. He chooses you . . ." But again, one man's individuation may be another's disintegration. Roger Mason knows this, but Jocelin cannot know it without losing the vision of the absolute.

The tower as archetype, of course, is a not unfamiliar device in the workings of the poetic imagination; in modern times Hart Crane, Yeats, and Dylan Thomas have used it effectively. Melville himself used it in a curiously neglected story called "The Bell-Tower." Its chief figure is Bannadonna, the master architect, no less, who is ultimately destroyed by the striking mechanism of an enormous bell clock he had himself designed for the tower. And the tower itself later collapses in the trauma of earthquake. Its fate is true to that of many other literary towers.

Strangely, however, it is the towers that don't collapse which bear the closest watching. In one of the most fatuous scenes ever put on film—the phallic and thoroughly maudlin coda to Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*—architect Gary Cooper is shown in open elevator ascent to the top of the skyscraper - in - progress, where he stands at last triumphantly, arms akimbo, music and wind in great crescendo. Climax. You've got to believe, just watching this, that here is a tower that cannot possibly fall—it wouldn't dare.

Jocelin's tower, too, is not the sort easily to fall. But the wonder is, what keeps it up? Not human engineering, surely, not even a kind of grace we may impetuously call divine. For the

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present, it is simply there and continues to be there. The more important question to ask, after all, is this: what truly possessed the man who put it there?

This is where critics of the new psychology are going to have all the esoteric fun they can find. But, as James Baird has said, "There is no law which requires the study of literature to take all or nothing of psychology. It may take what it pleases. For it so happens that much of what Jung said of archetypes is more common sense than particularized psychological theory for the specialist" (*Ishmael*, John Hopkins, 1956). Certainly, then, there is enough (un-) common sense in *The Spire* to reveal something of what it may mean to us.

For myself, I cannot take Jocelin's spire to be, as some have suggested, the permanence of "a thing of beauty," a piece of Keatsian art, above the mud and slosh of evil from which it arose to inspire mankind ever after. No, the spire itself could collapse and not make that much difference to several centuries of erosion. But we should have to ask, again and again, What was the nature of the act in which Jocelin was involved?

Whether the original vision was authentic or self-induced, it is clear that Jocelin meant to sacramentalize whatever it was he beheld: "What can I do on this day of days, when at last they have begun to fashion my vision in stone, but give thanks? . . . Therefore with angels and archangels —Joy fell on the words like sunlight. They took fire." But almost from that moment, Jocelin becomes disastrously involved in the atrophy of the sacramental forms of worship he was consecrated to serve and administer.

Essentially, he experiences not only the loss of the sacramental vision of life but its very reversal: corporateness in community is reduced to severe individualism; subsumed love to ego-love; elemental materials to objects of resistance; humanity to mere usage and vassalage; and, at last, the mystery of God-in-man, which is Christianity, to the magic of man-in-Nature, which is primitive totemism and animism. When Jocelin hammers the so-called true Nail to the apex of the spire, he is not far removed from Ahab nailing the gold-piece to the mast of the Pequod.

At the very end, however, the sacramental vision is restored in the illumination of Jocelin's death: the gesture of assent in the struggle "to leave behind the words of magic and incomprehension" — the pre-figuration of glory and crucifixion in the apple tree. And Father Adam "saw a tremor of the lips that might be interpreted as a cry of *God! God! God!* So of the charity to which he had access, he laid the Host on the dead man's tongue." And Jocelin received the Incarnate Word he had left so long unspoken.

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The Commonweal's Role

WHAT SPECIAL PLACE can a weekly journal of opinion edited by laymen fill? . . . As a lay-edited magazine The Commonweal has no "official" status within the Church. It cannot speak for the Church nor can it pretend to claim that its editorial views represent even an unofficial consensus. It is a "Catholic publication" only in the sense that its editors are Catholic laymen whose judgments are informed by their dedication to their religious convictions.

Yet in the thirty-eight years since its founding, the editors of The Commonweal have never looked upon its unofficial status as a handicap. On the contrary it has served to emphasize a vital requirement of Catholic life: that in his day-to-day life the Christian is called upon to apply, as a fallible man, his religious principles to the flux and flow of human events. As a Catholic he has the help of the teaching authority of the Church, whose obligation it is to enunciate and explain those principles. In the end, however, it is the individual himself who must apply them, who must give them life and relevance in the market-place.

Thus when The Commonweal speaks out on a specific problem of the temporal order—on "public affairs, literature and the arts"—it does not represent *the* Catholic position, but only *a* Catholic position. At times, no doubt, the views of the editors may closely tally with those of a majority of American Catholics; but at other times—and they are not infrequent—they may be shared by very few. Such considerations of popularity are irrelevant. What matters is that our opinions make some contribution to the common good. In this sense, controversy and debate have been inherent in our role. That is as it should be: vigorous debate is crucial for free men. . . .

If the problems of American Catholics have changed drastically over the years, one change is especially noteworthy. Prior to the 1950's—though a great residue remains—American Catholics were prone to be defensive about their religion. There were good reasons for this: the forces of nativism seemed a permanent part of American life. What this meant was that a considerable part of Catholic thought was devoted to showing the compatibility of Catholicism and democracy. It also meant that Catholics were apt to ignore their own deficiencies.

In recent years, much of this has changed. For the first time, American Catholics are now willing to take a close look at their own performance, to measure their ideals against the reality of their actions. At the same time, a new awareness of the importance of the laity in the Church has burst upon the scene with astonishing force. Taken together these changes have meant a period of intense ferment, of bold thought and an honest examination of conscience. . . .

It is this drive for confrontation which has earned for The Commonweal the reputation of being a "liberal" weekly. It is not a description we would disavow. On the contrary, as nothing else ever could, the great wisdom of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII seems to us to have swept away forever the notion that the Catholic must only protect and preserve; or that the modern world is alien to the Church. No: the Catholic must be a "man for all seasons." That is what we stand for.

—from an editorial

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